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MODERN PAINTERS, Vol. II. 1846. 458 pp., with 1 Unpublished Steel Engraving, 12 Photogravure Plates, and a Facsimile of MS.

The Appendix contains an additional chapter and several other important unpublished passages, besides Letters on the Work.

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THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE. 1849. 352 pp., with the 14 Engraved Plates in addition to 1 Unpublished Engraving etched by Mr. Ruskin for the Work, and Facsimiles of MS. and Cover of First Edition. [*October 9th.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 4

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 7

THE READER—

William Shakespeare (1564-1616). By Thomas Seccombe 9

Stratford-on-Avon and the Vale of the Red Horse. By H. Snowden Ward 23

Some Reminiscences of William Ernest Henley. By an Old National Observer 27

LITERARY ANECDOTES—

The Late W. J. Thoms of "Notes and Queries"—An Anecdote of Lord Macaulay — Robert Buchanan—Little Mary—Mr. Swinburne on Victor Hugo—The Early History of the *Saturday Review*. By W.R.N. 31-32

NEW BOOKS—

The Nemesis of Froude 33

The à Becketts of "Punch." By M. H. Spielman 34

More Letters of Prince Bismarck 36

Whibley on Thackeray. By Lewis Melville 36

The Queen of Scots and her Love Affairs. By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 40

The Cambridge Milton. By Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B. 42

"Place and Power." By A. St. John Adcock 43

Crimean Simpson. By H. C. Gutteridge 43

Mr. Shaw's Morality Play. By Dr. William Barry 45

A Unique Psychological Study. By M. Beresford Ryley 46

Dr. Barry's New Novel. By A. Macdonell 46

Mr. Merriman's New Novel. By A. St. John Adcock 47

Mr. James Lane Allen's New Novel 49

"McTodd" 49

"Erb" 50

Memoirs of a Social Atom 50

The Library of Modern Classics 51

The Durbar 51

Alarums and Excursions 52

NOVEL NOTES—

Handicapped among the Free—Conjuror's House—The Situations of Lady Patricia—Darrel of the Blessed Isles—Griff of Griffithscourt—The Wooing of Judith—The Shadow of Victory—Round Anvil Rock—The MS. in a Red Box—Etc., etc. 52-58

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

The Life of Midhat Pasha—The Preces Privatæ of Lancelot Andrewes—Critical Questions—Love Letters of Margaret Fuller — Ulrich Zwingli — Among the People of British Columbia—Etc., etc. 59-61

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 62

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 65

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers the remarkable collection of illustrations contained in this special Shakespeare number we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for permission to reproduce several engravings from "Shakespeare Scenes and Characters"; to Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons for drawings by Byam Shaw from their Chiswick Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, and for various scenes from Mr. Harold Baker's "Stratford-on-Avon"; to Messrs. Virtue and Co. for etchings from their "Imperial Edition of Shakespeare"; to Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., who kindly placed at our disposal photogravure plates from their "International Shakspere"; to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for drawings by Walter Crane from "The Tempest," and from "Shakespeare's Heroines"; to Mr. Elliot Stock for illustrations from C. C. Stopes's "Shakespeare's Family"; to the Editor of *Country Life* for allowing us to include scenes from John Leyland's "The Shakespeare Country"; to Mr. John Lane for a drawing by Henry Ospovat from "Shakespeare's Sonnets"; to Mr. W. Salt Brassington, of the Shakespeare Memorial, for the loan of various photographs of paintings at Stratford-on-Avon, and for the privilege of reproducing the Droeshout Original Portrait, a photograph of which was kindly lent us for the purpose by Mr. Harold Baker; to Mr. H. Snowden Ward for allowing us to make use of his "Shakespeare's Town and Times"; to Mr. Charles Rowley, of Manchester, for permission to insert in our number the portrait of Shakespeare by Ford Madox Brown, and "Cordelia's Portion" by the same artist; to Mr. Barnett Johnstone for photographs kindly supplied; and to Mr. W. T. Spencer, New Oxford Street, for other facilities afforded.

The Old Font at Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon.

It is not improbable that William Shakespeare was baptised in this font on April 26th, 1564. In shape the font is octagonal, but much broken, and on its faces are a series of well-cut quatrefoils, two in each panel.

(Reproduced from John Leyland's "The Shakespeare Country," by kind permission of the Editor of *Country Life*.)

In connection with the publication of Mr. Morley's life of Gladstone it may be worth noting that his literary career was very largely influenced by the late Mr. Cotter Morison, who died in 1888. Cotter Morison and John Morley studied together at Lincoln College, Oxford, where they formed a firm friendship. Both of them were more or less influenced by Mark Pattison. On quitting the University Morison married a daughter of Mr. Virtue, the publisher, who became proprietor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Morley was appointed editor, and Morison was a copious contributor. Later on Morison became one of the founders and first proprietors of the *Fortnightly Review*, and it was due mainly to his influence that the editorship after G. H. Lewes had quitted it was given Mr. Morley. Trollope was also one of the proprietors, and Mr. Morley has told the well-known story of Trollope's objection to him on the ground of his theological opinions. However, Trollope in his autobiography acknowledges the ability and success with which Mr. Morley managed the *Review*.

Mr. Joseph Conrad is making good progress with the new novel on which he has been engaged since the beginning of the year. The scene is laid in South America—a new field for his stories, although a familiar one to Mr. Conrad—and in plot and construction it will mark a departure from previous work. As at present arranged, it will begin its serial course early next year.

Photo by Harold Baker.

Shakespeare's Birthplace (Present Day), Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

"Of two adjoining houses now forming a detached building on the north side of Henley Street, that to the East was purchased by John Shakespeare in 1556, but there is no evidence that he owned or occupied the house to the West before 1575. Yet this western house has been known since 1759 as the poet's birthplace, and a room on the first floor is claimed as that in which he was born. The two houses subsequently came by bequest of the poet's granddaughter to the family of the poet's sister, Joan Hart, and while the eastern tenement was let out to strangers for more than two centuries, and by them converted into an inn, the 'birthplace' was until 1806 occupied by the Harts, who latterly carried on the trade of butcher. The fact of its long occupancy by the poet's collateral descendants accounts for the identification of the western rather than the eastern tenement with his birthplace."

(Reproduced from Harold Baker's "Stratford-on-Avon," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

Mr. Laurence Housman hopes to have his new novel finished by the end of the year.

We are to have a new magazine devoted to sport. It is to be edited by a well-known writer on sporting subjects, and published by a house experienced in the handling of periodicals, so that it should stand a good chance of success.

Miss Harraden's new book, "Katharine Frensham," which will be published in a few days, is divided into three parts. In the first and third parts the scene is laid in England, and in the second at a Norwegian farm: the English characters forming the central interest, having been transferred there for the summer holidays. Miss Harraden has broken fresh ground in introducing us to the intimate peasant life and quaint customs of an interior valley of Norway, the Gudbrandsal. The development of the story goes on in an unusual environment; the crisis itself takes place on the mountain-side near Peer Gynt's home. One of the most important chapters in the book takes place up at a Saeter, in a wild, isolated part of the mountains. We are introduced to peasants of noble lineage, milkmaids, botanists, and guests of various nationalities, all gathered together at the farm; and all these people, though they all have their own distinct characteristics, are nevertheless touched in lightly, and are made strictly to contribute to the main idea of the book, which is the love story of Katharine Frensham, a woman of forty, and Clifford Thornton, a professor of chemistry; the love story therefore of mature people. Miss Harraden in this book returns to her former style. "Katharine Frensham" is not a psychological study, but a story with a strong human element running through it. The text, as it were, of the book is in the following lines by George Meredith:—

Midway the road of our life's term they met,
And one another knew without surprise;
Nor cared that beauty stood in mutual eyes;
Nor at their tardy meeting nursed regret.
To them it was revealed how they had found
The kindred nature and the needed mind,
The mate by long conspiracy designed;
The flower to plant in sanctuary ground.

—George Meredith.

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel, "Hetty Wesley," the subject of which is to some extent indicated in the title, will be published on the 7th of next month, in this country by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, and in America by the Macmillan Co. of New York. We understand that in this country the story appears for the first time in book form.

Although Mr. S. R. Crockett has nominally been holiday-making in Scotland, he has for some weeks been busy revising the proofs of "An Adventurer in Spain," the series of stories or sketches which have

been running serially during the year in *Good Words*, and which will be published in book form by the Isbisters some time this month. The book will be elaborately illustrated with drawings by Mr. Gordon Browne, and reproductions of photographs taken by Mr. Crockett himself when he was recently in Spain.

Mr. Egerton Castle is writing a new series of short stories, which will shortly be published in one of our most popular magazines and simultaneously in America in *Collier's Weekly*. The stories will be published under the general title of "If Youth but Knew."

"Captain Dieppe," a new play written by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins in collaboration with his friend Mr. Harrison Garfield Rhodes, is to be produced in New York at once. Later on the play will be seen in London, when it will no doubt be a great success.

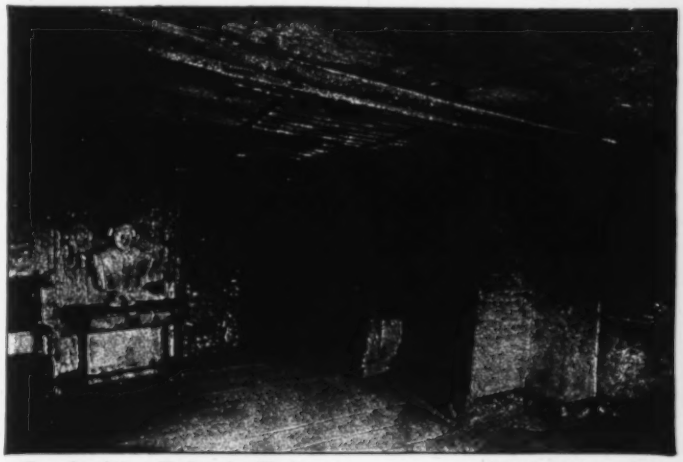
Mr. W. H. Mallock is writing a series of articles dealing with the Fiscal problem now so much to the front. They will appear in the first instance serially in the *Daily Express* and its allied papers.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, the author of "Goops," "The Lively City o' Ligg," and other amusing books, has recently been spending a holiday on the Continent, and passed through London last week on his return to America.

The reports as to Mr. Henry Lawson's death are happily untrue. Mr. Lawson has been laid up in Melbourne for some time, the result of an accident, but he is now at work again, and we are promised a new book from him next year.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, the author of "Säid the Fisherman," has another book to his credit, but it was published not very successfully some time ago, and has been allowed to drop out of print. "Säid the Fisherman" was rejected by many publishers before it found favour with Messrs. Methuen.

A Fine Art Edition of Shakespeare is to be published shortly at a popular price by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd. The work, which is to appear in thirty-four parts, issued fortnightly, will be entitled "The Royal Shakspere," and will be illustrated with a series of sixty-eight Rembrandt photogravures and tinted plates, reproduced from the works of well-known artists. The plays and poems are arranged in chronological order from the text of the eminent Shakespeare scholar Professor Delius, and the edition includes the plays "Edward III." and "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The introduction will be written by Professor Furnivall, LL.D., and a facsimile of Shakespeare's will is to be inserted in Part I.



(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

Shakespeare's Birthroom.

"A narrow staircase leads up to the 'birthroom,' from which a mullioned window with diamond panes looks out into the road. It was here that the greatest genius of all literature first saw the light, an 'infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,' there to 'ripe and ripe' till the world grew greater for his thinking, a little room with oaken planks on which he trod."—"The Shakespeare Country," by John Leyland.

The paintings by Frank Dicksee and Eduard Grützner which are reproduced in our pages will be included in "The Royal Shakspere." "Romeo and Juliet," illustrated by the former artist, and published in "The International Shakspere," is now out of print. The volumes in this edition of which Messrs. Cassell are still able to supply copies are "Othello," "King Henry IV.," "King Henry VIII.," and "As You Like It."

A new illustrated Russian edition of Shakespeare is in course of publication at St. Petersburg under the supervision of the literary critic, S. A. Wengeroff. Shakespeare's plays have been known to the Russian

(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

The "Main Room," Shakespeare's Birth-house.

"The old stone floor of the main room, broken by ill-treatment during the time when the house was used as a butcher's shop, is left in its old condition, although beneath it is an older floor of oak, still good and sound. . . . Visitors first enter the main room, an apartment with immense stone chimney-place, capable of holding and smoking many a side of bacon."

From the Zoust Portrait. **William Shakespeare.**

"About the year 1725, a mezzotint of Shakespeare was scraped by Simon, said to be done from an original picture painted by Zoust, or Soest, then in the possession of T. Wright, painter, in Covent Garden. The earliest known picture painted by Zoust in England, was done in 1657; so that, if he ever painted a picture of Shakespeare, it must have been a copy."—Malone.

Rischgitz Collection.

public for over 150 years, the first translation of "Hamlet" being issued in 1748. This, however, was an adaptation by Sumarakoff of the inadequate French rendering of Ducis. The first complete Russian Shakespeare was the work of Ketcher, followed about 1865 by a translation in verse by N. Gerbell in collaboration with other poets. Later editions were undertaken by Sokolowsky and Kanshin, thus making the new version the fifth complete Shakespeare in the Russian language. It will be considerably fuller than its predecessors, as the list of plays is to include "The Two Noble Kinsmen," "Edward III.," etc., and the various plays already translated by well-known writers will be embodied in the work. The editor has also made arrangements for at least twelve entirely fresh translations, a rendering of the sonnets being undertaken by distinguished poets. Prefaces will be written to all the plays, and numerous explanatory notes added to each volume.

A special feature is to be made of illustrations, which will be drawn from every available source, each of the best-known scenes being interpreted by several artists. Including engravings, heliogravures, autotypes and drawings in the text, the illustrations will number about a thousand, comprising the work of celebrated artists throughout the world. The Russian school of painting is to be represented by K. Makovsky, Rjepin and others. Dramas of which the scene is laid in Italy will be ornamented by reproductions of Renaissance buildings, landscapes, dresses, etc., and the antique dramas by corresponding Greek and Roman accessories.

Elsewhere in this issue appears an interesting announcement from Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls Company, as the publishers of the Standard Dictionary. It will be noted that they make the unique proposal to send a copy of that handsome and expensive work on a week's approval to any responsible reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies therefor, and this is done that our readers may thus gain a better idea of the distinguishing features of this really remarkable work, of which a new and enlarged edition has lately been issued.

Mr. Hichens is, we hear, spending the winter in Algeria, where he will be busy completing the manuscript of a new novel which Messrs. Methuen are to publish in the spring of the new year. It is to be entitled "The Woman and the Fan."

Those who have had the privilege of hearing the music which Mr. Edward German has composed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses in the "Just So Stories," predict that it will be very popular. Music and words are to be published this autumn under the title of "The Just So Song Book." Messrs. Macmillan and Co., assisted we believe by Messrs. Novello, will publish the book in this country, and in America it will be in the hands of Mr. Kipling's usual publishers, Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

August 20th to September 19th, 1903.

The dead season in so far as that term pertains to the issue of books appears to be gradually becoming a thing of the past. Certainly during recent years it has been very materially shortened, and whereas few publishers would have formerly ventured to produce any work of importance before the end of September, there is now but little break in the continuity of the output.

The past month has shown a great activity in publishing centres, which already foreshadows the approaching season. The holidays have, however, continued to militate against any extensive demand, although towards the close of the month a more sustained and buoyant tone was apparent.

The output of 6s. fiction has been comparatively large, and several works from the pens of some of the most noted authors are already thus early on the market, and have materially helped to bulk the sales in this line.

Among the most favoured of the recent issues are "Barlasch of the Guard," "Place and Power," "Mettle of the Pasture," "The Call of the Wild," and "Six Chapters in a Man's Life." "Strawberry Leaves," "Pigs in Clover," and "The MS. in a Red Box," together with several volumes frequently mentioned in former reports, have continued to sell freely.

At 3s. 6d. "Love in a Cottage," and at 5s. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary" are still the most popular items.

As the date for the forthcoming Life of Mr. Gladstone, by John Morley, M.P., approaches, it is evident from the interest displayed, and the many orders now being booked, that it will form one of the foremost lines of the autumn. A Life of Midhat Pasha, by his son, has attained a large measure of success.

Mr. Phil May's death causes a gap in the literary artistic circle which it will be difficult to fill, and the proprietors of *Punch* at once issued a capital collection of his humorous sketches, which were soon eagerly sought after. Several other smaller collections have sold freely.

The fiscal question of the country has been much in evidence, and quite a quantity of brochures dealing with the subject from different points of view have already appeared, the most popular of recent issues having been a reprint of articles from a morning contemporary, entitled "Imperial Reciprocity."

Various short humorous sketches, such as "Wee Macgreegor," "Ethel," and "The Very Short Memory of Mr. Scorer," all more or less holiday literature, have been in constant demand throughout the month.

Notwithstanding the already large number of Lives of Queen Victoria, which have appealed to the public for such a length of time, a new work on this subject, "Victoria, Queen and Ruler," by Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, found many purchasers.

Sixpenny reprints have been slightly more in demand, and the chief issue has been "The Origin of Species," by Charles Darwin, the sales of which have reached large dimensions.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
The Mettle of the Pasture. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan.)
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
Six Chapters of a Man's Life. By Victoria Cross. (W. Scott.)
Strawberry Leaves. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
The MS. in a Red Box. (Lane.)

The Stratford Portrait of William Shakespeare.

"This portrait was, by chance almost, put into the hands of Mr. Collins, a well-known restorer of pictures in Bond Street, towards the end of the year 1860, or the beginning of 1861. The face was then covered with hair, aving a large beard, and being otherwise disfigured; but Mr. Collins strongly suspected that underneath the paint another picture lay *perdu*. He therefore removed the covering, part of it in the presence of many witnesses, and discovered what was at once, by many of those present, pronounced to be an admirable portrait of Shakespeare."—"Life Portraits of William Shakespeare," by J. Hain Friswell.

The Tickencote Treasure. By W. Le Queux. (Newnes.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Lost in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Life of Midhat Pasha. By his Son. Net, 12s. (J. Murray.)
May (Phil) Sketches from *Punch*. 2s. 6d. net and 4s. net. *(Punch.)*
Imperial Reciprocity. 6d. *(Daily Telegraph.)*
Victoria, Queen and Ruler. By Mrs. Emily Crawford. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Browning (Robert) Life. By G. K. Chesterton. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Howell.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. B. 1s. net. (Richards.)
Ethel. By J. J. B. 1s. net. (Richards.)
The Very Short Memory of Mr. Scorer. By J. Oxenham. 1s. net. (Simpkin.)
The Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin. 6d. (Watts.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Aug. 22—A fairly good week.
,, 29—Somewhat quieter, but up to average for time of year.
Sept. 5—A decided improvement in home trade.
,, 12—Improvement maintained. Quiet in Export.
,, 19—Fairly busy in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

August 18th to September 18th, 1903.

There was no lack of books suitable for the holiday season, and on the whole good business was done, although the inclement weather experienced throughout the summer had undoubtedly a bad effect upon the numbers of tourists travelling in remote parts of the country. Sixpenny editions of popular novels continued to be steadily published, but, booksellers having had large quantities stocked during the spring, bought rather sparingly. Several shilling publications, notably, "The Unspeakable Scot," "Tony's Highland Tour," "The Tommiebeg Shootings," and the famous "Wee Macgreegor" were specially conspicuous on the railway bookstalls.

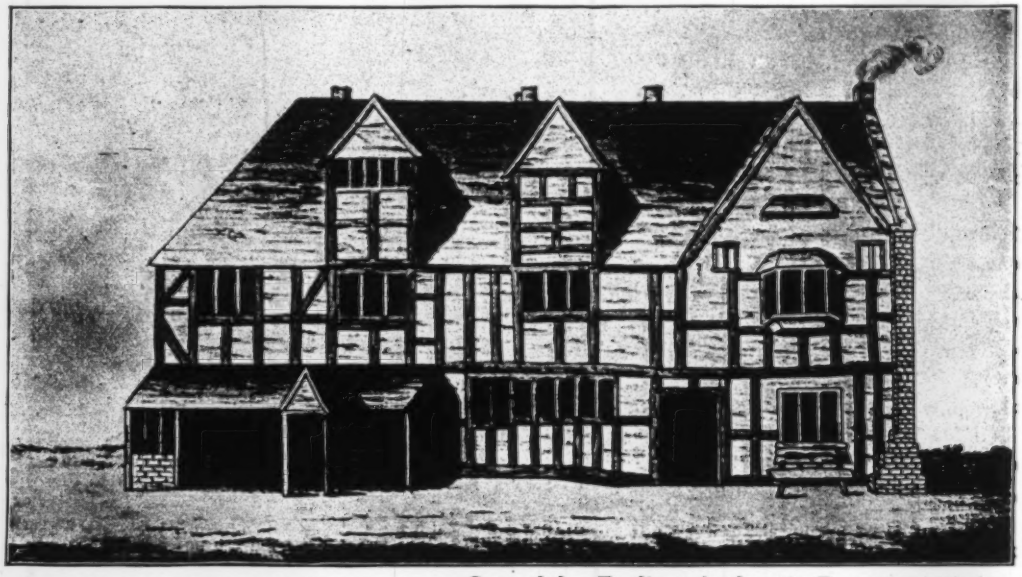
A considerable proportion of the month's business consisted of educational works, and as the colleges and schools resumed work, large demands had to be speedily met.

Very opportunely, as sportsmen appeared on the moors, the first volumes of "The Country Life Library of Sport," entitled "Shooting," came to hand and obtained a good sale; and in "The Imperial Athletic Library," "A Book of Golf," by Braid and others, gained some attention.

The lamented death of Phil May was followed by eager requests for examples of his work, and these were well supplied by a volume of his "Sketches from *Punch*" and "A Medley," issued by the *Graphic* Office. Both of these books were very successful, and the sales surpassed the expectations of both publishers and booksellers.

"Barlasch of the Guard," Mr. Merriman's new 6s. novel, easily gained the first place in popularity. Other novels prominent were "Place and Power," by Miss Fowler; "Tickencote Treasure," by Wm. Le Queux; "The Maids of Paradise," by R. W. Chambers; "Mettle of the Pasture," by James Lane Allen; and "Strawberry Leaves," by A. Leaf.

In connection with the recent Carlyle-Froude controversy, many requests were made for "The Nemesis of Froude," by Sir J. Crichton-Browne and Alexander Carlyle; and, owing to the attention called by Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal reforms, a cheap edition of Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden" found ready readers.



From a Drawing by R. Greene, published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," July, 1769.

One of the Earliest Authentic Representations of Shakespeare's Birthplace.

"I do not know whether the apartment where the incomparable Shakespeare first drew his breath, can, at this day, be ascertained, or not; but the house of his nativity (according to undoubted tradition) is now remaining. My worthy friend, Mr. Greene, of this place, hath favoured me with an exact drawing of it (here inclosed), which may not possibly be an unacceptable present to such of your readers as intend to honour Stratford with their company at the approaching jubilee; and on this account you will, peradventure, afford it a place in your next magazine.—Yours, etc., T. B."—Letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1769.

The most successful novel at 3s. 6d. was "A Flame of Fire," by Joseph Hocking; and at 5s. the sales of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Mrs. Rice, continued to be brisk. Mention should be made of the increasing popularity of Messrs. Hutchinson's Standard Biographies, and also of Messrs. Methuen's excellent series of Dumas's novels, many of which had never hitherto been translated into English.

Magazine sales were somewhat improved, although the continued output of sixpenny novels might have been expected to affect these adversely.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Tickencote Treasure. By William Le Queux. (Newnes.)
Mettle of the Pasture. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan.)
Maids of Paradise. By R. W. Chambers. (Constable.)
Strawberry Leaves. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)
Frontiersman. By R. Pocock. (Methuen.)
Children of Tempest. By Neil Munro. (Blackwood.)
Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)

Miscellaneous.

Shooting. 2 Vols. 25s. net. "Country Life Library." (Newnes.)
A Book of Golf. By Braid, Bramsten, etc. 4s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Hutchinson's Standard Biographies. 1s and 2s. (Napoleon, Wesley, Goldsmith, and Nelson.)
A Flame of Fire. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Morley's Life of Cobden. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Phil May Medley. 1s. (*Graphic* Office.)
Phil May Sketches from *Punch*. 2s. 6d. net and 4s. net.
The Nemesis of Froude. By Sir John Crichton-Browne. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

OCTOBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

October 5th.

BECKE, LOUIS.—Helen Adair, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
Independent Review, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BLAKE, BERNARD C.—Peculiar History of Mary Ann Susan, 3s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

October 6th.

"SIGMA."—Personalia: Political, Social, and Various, 5s. net (Blackwood)
Author of "Culmshire Folk."—Chronicles of Waverly: A Provincial Sketch, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
HARRADEN, BEATRICE.—Katharine Frensham, 6s. (Blackwood)
SMITH, ELLEN ADA.—The Fulfilling of the Law, 6s. (Hutchinson)
BROOKE, L. LESLIE.—Johnny Crow's Garden, 2s. 6d. net (F. Warne and Co.)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Silver Bullet, 6s. ..... (John Long)
CHATTERTON, G. G.—The Gate of Never, 6s. ..... (John Long)
PARKER, E. H.—China, Past and Present, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
MARTIN, S.—Izaak Walton and His Friends, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
HURRY, A.—Settling Day: A Novel, 6s. ..... (Chapman and Hall)
SHARP, H.—The Gun Afield and Afloat, 12s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)

October 7th.

MONKSHOOD, G. F.—The Cynic's Posy, 2s. net ..... (Greening)
GOTCH, PHYLLIS M.—Romance of a Boo Bird Chick, 1s. 6d. (Brimley Johnson)
BUCKLAND, MARY E.—The Runaways, 2s. (Brimley Johnson)
ANON.—The Heart of a Heretic, 5s. net (Brimley Johnson)

October 8th.

MANN, MARY E.—Gran'ma's Jane, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—The Vicar of Wakefield. Miniature Edition, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
ASHTON, ROGER.—Mrs. Barberry's General Shop, 2s. 6d. (Methuen)
HENDERSON, B. W.—Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero, 10s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—Twenty Years After, 1s. ... (Methuen)
LAMBERT, F. A. H.—Surrey. Little Guides Series. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
CRESSWELL, HENRY.—A Lady of Misrule, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

October 9th.

MORLEY, JOHN.—The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. 3 Vols. 42s. net ..... (Macmillan)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—A Two-Fold Inheritance, 5s. ... (Ward, Lock)
METEALGE, EDITH.—Pyramids of Snow, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Prince of Darkness, 6d. (Ward, Lock)

October 10th.

WARNER, ANNA A.—West Point Colours, 6s. ..... (Nisbet)

October 12th.

CANNING, HON. ALBERT.—Shakespeare Studied in Eight Plays, 16s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
Ornithovius Tychiades, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
JENKS, EDWARD, M.A., B.C.L.—Parliamentary England, 5s. (Fisher Unwin)
STRAIN, E. H.—An Innocent Impostor, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HALL, MADELINE.—Nobody Knows, 2s. net (F. Warne and Co.)
SCHOFIELD, LILY.—Tomcatapus and Potiphar, 1s. 6d. (F. Warne and Co.)
RATTRAY, DR. ALEX.—Divine Hygiene. 2 Vols. 32s. (Nisbet)
FORESTIER-WALKER, CLARENCE.—The Chameleon, 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

October 13th.

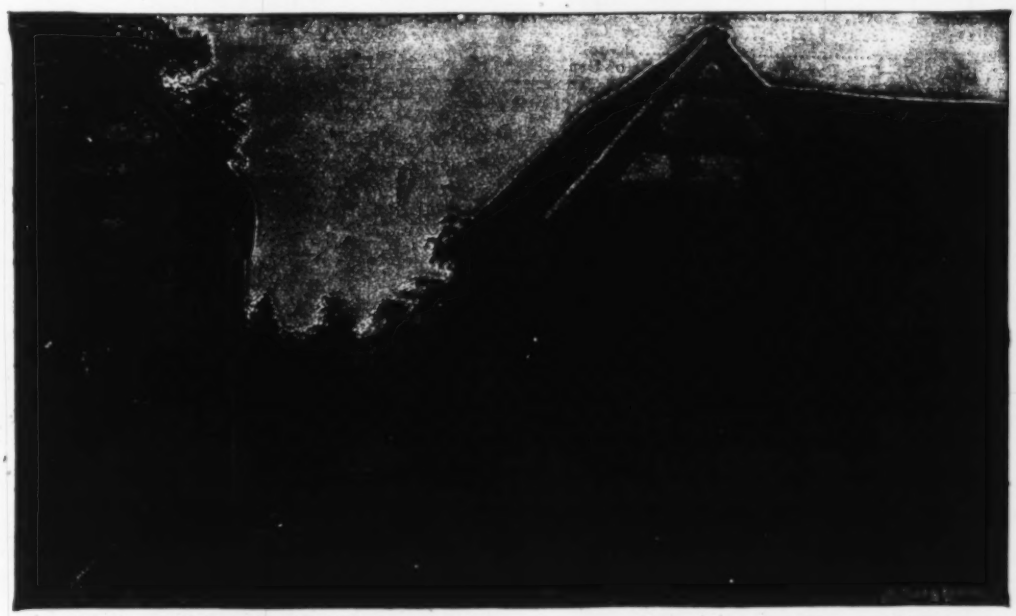
WRIGHT, ARNOLD.—Great Orations, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

October 14th.

PERKS, LILY.—Life's Counterpoint, 6s. ... (C. Arthur Pearson)
Book of Indoor Games. Illustrated. 5s. ..... (C. Arthur Pearson)
NEIL, C. LANG.—Amateur Theatricals. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net (C. Arthur Pearson)
LEVERTON, EDITH WALDEMAR.—Little Entertainments, and How to Manage Them, 1s. ..... (C. Arthur Pearson)
NEIL, C. LANG.—Modern Card Manipulation, 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson)
SAGE, M. (Translated by N. Robertson).—Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research, 3s. 6d. net (Brimley Johnson)
WHEELER, ETHEL.—Verses, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Brimley Johnson)
PIGOU, A. C.—Fiscal Faiths, 1s. net ..... (Brimley Johnson)
TORREY, R. A.—Gist of the Lessons for 1904, 1s. net ... (Nisbet)

October 15th.

BUDGE, E. W.—Gods of the Egyptians. 2 Vols. 63s. net (Methuen)
FLUX, A. W., M.A.—Economic Principles, 7s. 6d. net (Methuen)



(Reproduced from John Leyland's "The Shakespeare Country," by kind permission of the Editor of *Country Life*.)

The Arden House, Wilmcote.

The Arden House, Wilmcote, is generally accepted as the home of Mary Arden, wife of John Shakespeare and mother of the poet.

"A long two-story house, built of the stone of the district, with low ceilings, wide fireplaces, stone floors, and broad window-sills. The stairs to the upper story are built in the best room; and the bakehouse, wash-copper, and rub-stone under the pent-house roof that runs behind the building, tell of rough, hearty times. . . . A gate at one end of the house admits to the farmyard from the road, and at the other side of the yard, under a great pent-house roof, high enough to shelter a loaded hay-wain, is a gate which leads to the meadows and the orchard, of which we get a glimpse from the back door of the house."—"Shakespeare's Town and Times," by H. Snowden Ward.

TAYLOR, A. E.—Elements of Metaphysics, 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
A Little Gallery of Reynolds, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
The Way to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise, 1s. and 2s. net (Methuen)
SANDERS, LLOYD (Editor).—Selections from the Anti-Jacobin, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DAVENPORT, C.—Mezzotints. Connoisseurs' Library. 25s. net (Methuen)
MARSH, RICHARD.—The Twickenham Peerage, 6d. (Methuen)
BALFOUR, MARIE C. (Editor).—From Soranac to the Marquesas, 6s. net ..... (Methuen)
COMBE, W.—Syntax. Vol. II. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

SKETCHLEY, B. F. D.—George Frederick Watts. Little Art Series. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
WHISHAW, FRED.—A Splendid Impostor, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
AFLALO, F. G., F.L.S.—Fishes of Our Seas, 12s. 6d. net (Hutchinson)
WALLACE, A. R.—Man's Place in the Universe, 12s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
WARD, H. SNOWDEN.—The Real Dickens-land, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
SLOAN, J. M.—The Carlyle Country, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
DOYLE, A. CONAN.—Collected (Author's) Edition of Novels. Vols. V. to VIII. 6s. net each ..... (Smith, Elder)
DE LA PASTURE, MRS.—Deborah of Tod's. New Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Smith, Elder)
BRIDGE, SIR FREDERICK, K.B., M.V.O.—Samuel Pepys: Lover of Music, 5s. ..... (Smith, Elder)

October 16th.

T. MOMPUSS.—The Jewel Sowers, 6s. ..... (Greening)
DAGLESS, THOMAS.—The Light in Dend's Wood, 2s. (Greening)
TILTON, DWIGHT.—Miss Petticoats, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

October 17th.

HUDSON, PROF. W. H., M.A.—Rousseau and Naturalism in Thought and Morals. World's Epoch Makers. 3s. (T. and T. Clark)
IVERACH, PROF. J., D.D.—Descartes, Spinoza, and the New Philosophy. World's Epoch Makers. 3s. (T. and T. Clark)
DODS, MARCUS, M.A.—Forerunners of Dante. (T. and T. Clark)

October 19th.

LEWIS, G. PITT.—Commissioner Kerr, 10s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)
Political Writings of Richard Cobden. 2 Vols. 7s. (Fisher Unwin)
The Best Plays of Ben Jonson. 3 Vols. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
The Best Plays of James Shirley. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
INMAN, H. ESCOTT.—David Chester's Motto, "Honour Bright," 3s. 6d. ..... (F. Warne and Co.)
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Beauty in Distress, 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

October 20th.

MACMAHAN, ELLA.—Jemima: A Novel, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
CONRAD, JOSEPH, and FORD MADOX HUEFFER.—Romance: A Novel, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)
Author of "On the Heels of De Wet."—The Boy Galloper. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
TROTTER, CAPT. J.—The Bayard of India: A Life of Gen. Sir James Outram, Bart., G.C.B., 16s. net ..... (Blackwood)
SANDERSON, REV. E., M.A. (Editor).—The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, 1s. ..... (Hutchinson)
JORDAN, W. G.—Great Truths, 1s. and 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson)
FULLEYLOVE, JOHN, R.I. (Text by Edward Thomas).—Oxford, 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
ST. LEGER, CAPT. S. E. (Text by Joseph Grego).—Cruikshank in Colour, 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
GILLIE, REV. R. C.—The Kinsfolk and Friends of Jesus, 6s. (A. and C. Black)
MITTON, G. E.—The Children's Book of London, 6s. (A. and C. Black)
GREGO, JOSEPH (Editor).—The Vicar of Wakefield, 7s. 6d. net (A. and C. Black)
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—London in the Time of the Stuarts, 30s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
KOCHER, DR. THOMAS (Translated by Harold J. Stiles, M.B., F.R.C.S.).—Text Book of Operative Surgery. Second English Edition. 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
COOK, STANLEY A., M.A.—The Law of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi, 6s. ..... (A. and C. Black)
SMITH, W. ROBERTSON (Edited by Stanley A. Cook, M.A.)—Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia. New and Enlarged Edition. 10s. 6d. ..... (A. and C. Black)
ANDERSON, REV. K. C.—The Larger Faith, 3s. 6d. net (A. and C. Black)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—Tales of St. Austin's, 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black)

October 21st.

SHARPLEY, A. and S.—I've Seen the Sea, 1s. 6d. (Brimley Johnson)
SHARPLEY, A. and S.—Lords and Ladies, 1s. 6d. (Brimley Johnson)
ENSOR, R. C. K.—Modern Poems, 2s. 6d. net. (Brimley Johnson)

October 22nd.

COBB, THOMAS.—The Lost Ball. Little Blue Book. 2s. 6d. (Methuen)
BUCKLAND, F. J.—Curiosities of Natural History, 3s. 6d. (Methuen)
DE BERTOUCH, BARONESS B.—The Monk of Llanthony, 6s. (Methuen)
The Microcosm of London, 63s. net ..... (Methuen)
POLLARD, ELIZABETH F.—Greuze and Boucher. Little Art. Series. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE.—Verena's Father, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
STEVENS, FRANK.—Adventures in Hiveland, 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson)

October 23rd.

BARING, MAX.—The Cannis Butterfly, 6s. ..... (Greening)

October 26th.

MASSINGHAM, H. W. (Editor).—Labour and Protection, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
STOTT, BEATRICE.—Rosemonde, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BOND, J. A. WALPOLE.—Bird Life in Wild Wales, 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
LUMSDEN, JAMES.—Through Canada in Harvest Time, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
DE BREMONT, COMTESSE.—Mrs. Evelyn's Husbands, 6s. (Greening)
PICKERING, PERCIVAL.—Toy Gods, 6s. ..... (John Long)
ARNOLD, MAUD.—A Pitiful Part, 6s. ... (Digby, Long and Co.)

October 28th.

WHITE, MARY.—Basket Making at Home, 2s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson)
BULLIVANT, CECIL H.—The Drawing-Room Entertainer, 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson)
HOSKYNS, C. W.—Chronicles of a Clay Farm, 3s. 6d. net (Brimley Johnson)
MORTEN, HONNOR.—Consider the Children, 1s. net (Brimley Johnson)

October 29th.

GODLEY, A. D., M.A. (Editor).—Rejected Addresses. Little Library. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DOLE, N. H.—Famous Composers. 2 Vols. 12s. net (Methuen)
CORKRAN, ALICE.—Miniatures. Little Art Series. 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
COMBE, W.—Syntax. III. Illus. Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
ELLABY, C. G.—Rome. Little Guides Series. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Master of Bonaventure, 6s. (Chatto)
GISSING, ALGERNON.—An Angel's Victim, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Niece of Esther Lynne, 6s. (Hutchinson)

October 31st.

COBBAN, JAMES MACLAREN.—The Iron Hand, 6s. (John Long)
READE, CHARLES.—The Cloister and the Hearth. Illustrated Lib. Modern Classics. 2s. and 3s. net ..... (John Long)

November 2nd.

JOHNSTON, SIR H. H., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., etc.—British Mammals, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

November 3rd.

DALGLEISH, FLORENCE (Compiler).—Daily Pickings from Pickwick, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Long)

November 4th.

TYTLER, SARAH.—Sir David's Visitors, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
INGPEN, ROGER (Editor).—One Thousand Poems for Children, 5s. ..... (Hutchinson)
Phil May Folio. Edition de Luxe. 21s. and 42s. (Thacker and Co.)
O'CONNOR, T. P. (Introduction by).—In the Days of My Youth. From "M.A.P." 1s. ..... (C. Arthur Pearson)
NEIL, C. LANG.—After Dinner Sleights, 1s. ...(C. Arthur Pearson)
BAYLISS, HELEN.—Slaves of Passion, 6s. ..... (John Long)

November 5th.

GODLEY, A. D., M.A. (Editor).—London Lyrics. Little Library. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
BOLTON, SARAH K.—Famous Artists, 7s. 6d. net ... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Castle of Eppstein, 6d. (Methuen)
DAVIDSON, PROF. A. B., D.D., LL.D.—Old Testament Prophecy ..... (T. and T. Clark)
SALTUS, EDGAR.—The Pomps of Satan, 5s. ..... (Greening)
E. B. P.—Pentonville from Within, 6s. ..... (Greening)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Lady of the Island. Illustrated. 5s. (John Long)

Books to be published during the month, dates not fixed.

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Adventurer in Spain, 6s. ..... (Isbister)
BARR, ROBERT.—Over the Border, 6s. ..... (Isbister)
LONDON, JACK.—People of the Abyss, 6s. ..... (Isbister)
JONES, MARY WHITMORE.—The Grinding Mills, 6s. (Isbister)
ALIEN.—Over the Barrier, 6s. ..... (Isbister)
McCHIN, GEORGE NOX.—The Crimson Dice, 3s. 6d. (Isbister)
LEWIS, ALFRED HENRY.—Wolfville Folk, 3s. 6d. ... (Isbister)
ANONYMOUS.—Kempton-Wace Letters, 6s. ..... (Isbister)
COLLINGWOOD, W. G.—Ruskin Relics, 10s. 6d. ..... (Isbister)
WARD, J. J.—Minute Marvels of Nature, 7s. 6d. ..... (Isbister)
DURHAM, BISHOP OF.—From Sunday to Sunday, 5s. (Isbister)
MEYER, REV. F. B.—Homespun Talks, 3s. 6d. ..... (Isbister)
WAGNER, CHARLES.—The Simple Life, 3s. 6d. ..... (Isbister)
"The Snow Baby" and Her Mother.—Children of the Arctic, 6s. (Isbister)
BEGBIE, HAROLD.—Bundy on the Sea, 5s. ..... (Isbister)
LAYARD, G. S.—Dolly's Governess, 1s. ..... (Isbister)
"OFFICER."—Smith of the Shamrock Guards, 2s. 6d. (Greening)
MORRIS, T. I.—Britain's Peril, 1s. ..... (Greening)

The Reader.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

By Thomas Seccombe.

IF the name of Shakespeare had come up before a Lord-lieutenant or a genealogist during the first thirty years of Elizabeth's reign, it would have been readily identified as that of a large family of small farmers in the Midland counties. During the last fifteen years of the same reign the name (which finds its equivalent in the well-known Italian surname, Crollalanza) was to acquire a celebrity which has given it a unique and almost sacrosanct significance from that day to this.

Birth, April, 1564.

As in the case of so many great men, the place and time of Shakespeare's nativity have been the subjects of much animated discussion, the echoes of which have by no means died away, even at the present day. It is generally believed, however, that Shakespeare was born in a roomy cottage upon the site of what is now known as "Shakespeare's Birthplace," in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon,* during the second half of April, 1564. His christening is thus entered in the baptismal register of the parish church: "1564, Aprill 26th, Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere." Of Shakespeare's father, the said Johannes or John Shakespeare, we strive in vain to get a clear idea, based upon such facts as that he was a chief alderman of his native Stratford, that he married a rich wife, Mary Arden of Wilmcote, and begot a large family, that he had heavy losses, was continually engaged in lawsuits, and, like Mr. Wilkins Micawber, was invincibly hopeful that something would turn up. Every long holidays that the eldest son spent at home from the Free Grammar School, we can imagine him noticing that the family resources were steadily diminishing, while every year his father had in prospect either some new lawsuit or some new business scheme whereby the finances of the Shakespeares were infallibly to be restored. After six or seven years' subjection to the good dominie, Walter Roche, William had to leave his Latin books and the quaint gabled schoolroom with its rough desks and wooden beams, which still forms a most genuine attraction to all Stratford pilgrims—he had to quit these altogether, and rally to the help of his father in the humble trade to which all his great projects had reduced him, that of a common butcher.

William Shakespeare.

From a copy of the Davenant Bust.

The Davenant Bust, which is of black terra-cotta, was discovered in 1845 at the destruction of the old Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was acquired by William Clift, and passed from him to his son-in-law, Professor (afterwards Sir Richard) Owen. Later it was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, who presented it to the Garrick Club. A plaster copy is in the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery at Stratford.

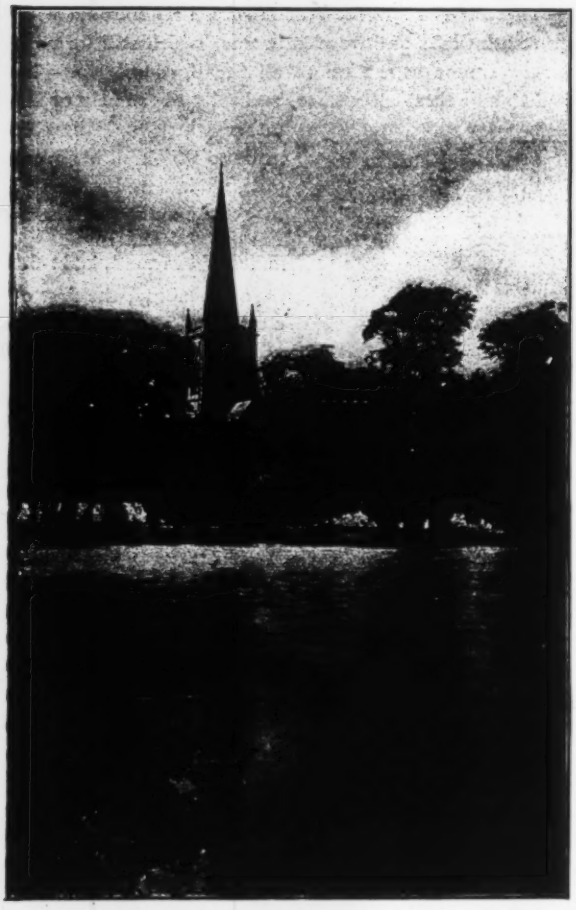
Rischgitz Collection.

Early Manhood, 1582-6.

John Aubrey, the first of our antiquaries who thought it worth while to record anecdotes about Shakespeare, when he was collecting materials for Anthony à Wood about 1680, wrote of the poet at this time:—"His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he kill'd a calf he would doe it in high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne that was held not at all inferior to him for naturall witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but dyed young." These days in the slaughter house must evidently have been to Shakespeare what those in the blacking factory were to Dickens. They begot in him an unconquerable determination to rise to a position of well-to-do respectability in the world. By 1582 Shakespeare seems to have broken away from parental control, for in November of that year, without the consent of his

* A small town of then about 1,300 inhabitants, clustered round the ford at which the ancient Roman street from Londinium to Chester crossed the Warwickshire Avon, though from about 1490 the road was carried over the river by a noble stone bridge (still standing), called after its builder, Sir Hugh Clopton. Legend says that the bard was born on the same day of the month that he died. We may safely drink to his memory on any day from the 20th to the 25th.

parents, and being still under nineteen years of age, he married a country girl of twenty-six. This was Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway, husbandman, of Shottery (a hamlet reached by a short walk through the fields from Stratford), by whom, in the following May, he had a daughter named Susanna. It was during the next three years, we may assume, that, as legend goes so far as to hint, Shakespeare endeavoured to gain his living as a lawyer's clerk and as a village schoolmaster. Aubrey, in his short account, expressly says, "he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." Whatever Shakespeare's chief means of subsistence may have been at this time, and there are reasons for supposing



Trinity Church from the Avon.

From a Photograph by Harold Baker.

The supreme interest of the splendid Church of Stratford lies in the fact that it marks the beginning and the close of Shakespeare's career. At the West end of the south aisle is preserved the bowl of the old font in which he was baptised, and the record remains in the parish register: "1564, Aprill 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere." His tomb and monument are in the chancel.

(Reproduced from Harold Baker's "Stratford-on-Avon," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)

that he may have endeavoured to play more than one part, everything points to the fact that his chief relaxation was to be found in those sports of the countryside to which his country training and connections would naturally predispose him. Most notable, indeed, throughout Shakespeare's writings are the constant, sudden, and almost unconscious allusions to the minuter details of field sport. A poaching adventure is plausibly alleged to have been the immediate cause of his abandonment of Stratford and virtual desertion for so many years of his growing family there. "He had," wrote his first biographer, Nicholas Rowe, in 1709, "by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, among them, some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London." Whether it be true or no, as a local parson, Richard Davies, who died in 1708, used to relate, that Lucy had Shakespeare whipped for his depredations, it is certain that Sir Thomas Lucy spoke in Parliament during 1585 on behalf of more stringent game-laws, and that Shakespeare made a clear passado at Sir Thomas in 1600 when he made Justice Shallow boast of the dozen white *luces* in his coat in proof of his ancient lineage. It is an old coat, comments Sir Hugh Evans, "the dozen white louses do become an old coat well." Soon afterwards Falstaff comes in, and Shallow taunts him with the very crimes which we know that the game-preserving old seigneur so keenly resented in "young Stratford." "Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broken open my lodge," and he forthwith threatens to make a Privy Council matter of it. This was Sir Thomas Lucy all over, as Stratford archives attest.

England in Armada Times.

Shakespeare must in early days have seen the revels at Charlecote and Kenilworth during the royal progresses thither, when he was yet a boy, of the spectacle-loving Gloriana; and besides these, he would certainly have seen the old-fashioned miracle plays at Coventry, in addition to the repertoire of roving companies nearer home in Guildhall or market square, by consent of the corporation of his native town. That his young aspirations should have been stirred by contact with a force so novel, so untried, yet so potent as the new drama obviously was, is not at all to be wondered at. It was a rare moment for art in England. The culture of the Renaissance was just blossoming here—in music, in poetic rhapsody, in lyrical effusion, in the rich embroidery of vernacular prose—under the protection of the short-lived Tudor despotism. England had emerged from dynastic struggles an insignificant power, whose historic cities, smiling plains, and fertile valleys might appear to render it an enviable, and having regard to the widely sown seeds of civil dissension, a not very difficult prey to neighbours so great and powerful as France and Spain. England, however, under the masterful guidance of Henry VIII. and his daughter, had successfully asserted its independence of any foreign prince or prelate. It had become a nation at one with itself and self-conscious of its unity as never before, and proud both of its past and its present. Its freedom from internal strife (thanks to the Tudors) enabled it to concentrate its energies upon expansion in every direction, while its

(Reproduced from John Leyland's "Shakespeare Country," by kind permission of the Editor of *Country Life*.)

The Guildhall, Chapel and Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon.

"The Grammar School on Church Street, adjoining the Guild Chapel and across Chapel Lane from the site of the poet's later home, one of the oldest and most picturesque buildings now standing in Stratford, was founded at the close of the fifteenth century. After passing through many vicissitudes the school was reconstituted in the time of Edward VI. The Chapel was used in connection with it, and, if tradition is to be accepted, was occasionally employed for school purposes. It was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and is a characteristic bit of the England which Shakespeare saw."—"William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," by H. W. Mabie.

developing sea power gave it an increasing sense of external security. In London, of course, after 1588, the new ideas, the daring sense of power, the keen audacity of speculation, were centred and focussed. There was an elation in the atmosphere similar to that in Paris 200 years later. But from this atmosphere of free discussion practical politics were strictly debarred —the civil and ecclesiastical administration was an affair for the Queen and her Council, a Bluebeard's chamber into which no man must pry. Nor was the restriction seriously felt. Buccaneers and playwrights were the heroes of the hour. The capital, as Mr. Wyndham tells us, was "rocking and roaring with Armada-patriotism and the literary fervour of the university pens. All the talk was of sea fights and new editions. Drake and Lyly, Raleigh and Lodge, Greene and Marlowe and Grenville were names in every mouth. The playhouses were the centres and certain young lords the leaders of a confused and turbulent movement appealing with a myriad voices to the lust of the eye and the pride of life." Apart from the glorious piracies of Drake and Cavendish, everything tended to concentrate the force of the new creative impulse upon the stage. There were signs of a poetic literature already springing up in England, and it was the aim of all patriotic wits and scholars to nationalise it. To do this they must select an art which would appeal to the people—a people who were illiterate, but eager and quickly responsive to good leadership in matters of taste. The leaders were those mysterious figures decked in all the spoils of Spanish galleons or of the shrines at which their own grandfathers had worshipped, in laced ruffs and gold-studded corselets, with trunk hose and feathered conical hats and satin shoes, whose oval-piled foreheads, delicate lips, olive complexions and lofty hidalgo-like bearing shine upon us in pale reproach from so many portrait galleries that date from Tudor times. The pose and *desinvolture*, the exquisitely shaped hands and long tapering fingers, symbolise the force and the tact, the beauty and the grace of those strangely alien figures. "What is it these men cannot do? For what of valour, strength, agility, of grace, of wit, of wisdom, of poetry, of policy, are they not sufficient? At their ease in Queen Elizabeth's presence chamber, dancing a coranto, in pearls and murrey-coloured velvet, exquisite in the arrangement of a ruff or the adornment of the last new swordbelt, more than a match for the bench of bishops in scholastic theology or abstruse divinity, competing with Spenser in all the varieties of English metre and rhythm, slicing up wild Irishmen under Sir Arthur Gray,

From a Photograph taken in 1863, and kindly supplied by Barnett Johnstone, Esq.

Shakespeare's Birthplace from the Garden.

It is a good plan to gain the first sight of Shakespeare's Birthplace from Guild Street at the rear, for, across the old-world garden where the plants are grown which he loved and mentioned in his plays, the house looks far more picturesque than from the front view in Henley Street.

seeking the bubble reputation across the Spanish main, wits, warriors, and gentlemen, dutiful sons, passionate lovers, firm friends, and ready, if Queen Elizabeth only looks at them, to carry her name and her colours on their sleeve to the utmost corner of the earth,"* and to brave anything, save only her lightest frown. Such were the Southamptons, Sidneys, Devereux, Raleighs, De Veres, Carews, Mildmays, Grenvilles and the like of Shakespeare's day. For these men, by means of the popular art of the theatre, Shakespeare and his fellows held the mirror up to Nature. By them the temper of Elizabethan audiences was attuned. It was an opportunity worth responding to, and the response was a blaze of dramatic genius, the like of which it is probable the world may never see again. It must indeed have been a wonderful city, the narrow London of those days, before Parliaments and Puritans and the incessant smoke of factories had befogged our artistic vision. Not all the notes to all the variorum editions will enable us to recapture the frolic humour, and the spring-like ecstasy of those spacious times.

The Playhouse.

It was to this live metropolis of from three to four hundred thousand souls that our national poet made his way about 1586. Whether he joined a travelling company at Stratford, or trudged his way independently to London to claim the hand of fellowship, it may be, from a fellow Stratfordian, Richard Field, a prosperous stationer of Blackfriars, can only be matter for conjecture; what is pretty certain is that he very soon gravitated to the theatre. Of the two chief companies in being at that time, the Queen's and the Earl of Leicester's, he became attached to the last mentioned, and, if it were not already the best, he speedily made it so. Its headquarters were "The Theater" playhouse in Shoreditch, but it moved several times* ere it settled in 1599 at the Globe, on Bankside, Southwark, while its patronage passed from Leicester to Strange, and from Strange to Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain; hence it became known from 1594 as the Lord Chamberlain's company. All the companies went on tour during the summer.

In however menial a capacity Shakespeare may first have assisted the theatrical company into which he was admitted, it can hardly have been long before the intelligent members of it (among them Dick Burbage, Heminge, and Condell) discovered that they had to do with a youth of extraordinary promise. As Napoleon made suggestions at Toulon when he was merely a lieutenant, so Shakespeare may early have made suggestions, the value of which instantaneously struck his superiors. That he would soon absorb all the romances and plays within his reach, and would most rapidly learn all that could be learned of the working of the theatre, may be regarded as certain. That a time quickly came when plays would be put in his hands for suggestion or revision is very probable. He would soon perceive the characteristic defects of the plays which possessed the stage at the moment. The comedy was too courtly and too academic (Lyly), the tragedy too full of rant and extravagance (Marlowe), the melodrama too sanguinary (Kyd), and the history too rude and archaic both in form and diction. Of his early work as reviser and adapter we have examples in "Henry VI.," into the aridities of which he infused some life, humour, and poetry; "Titus Andronicus," a perfect shambles of a play over which

* See J. S. Brewer, "English Studies," 286.

* To the *Curtain* in Moorfields (hence Curtain Road), to the *Rose* on Bankside, and to Newington Butts. The patronage of the companies was traditional, the nominal patrons contributing little more than their names. In 1610-11 Shakespeare played occasionally at his company's second house, "The Blackfriars," where "The Times" now stands. Shakespeare suffered loss and the MSS. of his plays were probably destroyed in the fire at the Globe, which broke out when Henry VIII. was being performed in June, 1613.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Photo Harold Baker.

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he breathed a little country air; and later "The Taming of the Shrew," "Timon," and "Pericles." But from reviser of existing dramatic work he must have very rapidly risen to be author in chief to his company. An actor himself, no one so well as he could adapt a catching part to an individual performer. By 1590 the company's belief in "young Shakespeare" must have become a firm article of faith. He was now twenty-six, and was already becoming known rather widely, we can fancy, as a good-looking fellow of astonishing quickness and talent, as a delightful and amiable companion, and as a safe and resourceful rather than as a particularly brilliant actor.* Shakespeare had started work as an adapter, and his first independent work is essentially adaptive and imitative. In the course of his revisions he must have got a considerable insight into the methods of such experienced playwrights as Greene and Peele, Whetstone and Kyd. But the dramatists for whom he had a particular admiration were Lyly and Marlowe. Both of these writers were in the habit of borrowing their plots or fables either from the Metamorphoses of Ovid (the Elizabethan substitute for a Classical Dictionary), from *ben trovato* tales in popular chapbooks, or from the modern stories, novelle or historiettes, which had sprung up in Italy with Boccaccio and Bandello, and been imitated and translated into every modern European tongue. Both again were extraordinarily fond of mythological ornament, and were never tired of introducing somewhat hackneyed forms of classical imagery. With both these practices Shakespeare found it exceedingly convenient to comply. He had been thoroughly well grounded in Ovid, and had the old *Sententiæ* and *Colloquia* and not a little of Mantuan and Virgil besides at his fingers' ends. Shakespeare had a sounder classical discipline than Molière, and *a fortiori* than Cervantes or the author of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (who got nearly all his "classics" from Lemprière); yet his "little Latin" must always be a stumbling-block to the pedants who by a law of their being insist that no one can be expected to write good English unless he can compose bad Latin!

* The parts generally ascribed to him include the Ghost in "Hamlet," Adam in "As You Like It," several "kingly parts," and old Knowell in "Every Man in his Humor."

Early Comedy and History, 1590-94.

Such then were the influences and the aspirations under the sway of which Shakespeare put forth the first-fruits of his drama in sprightly comedies, such as "Love's Labour's Lost" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," intermingled with the mirthful farce of the "Comedy of Errors." In reality and charm they are far in advance already of the boylike frigidity of Lyly. Full of rhyming and bickering and phrase capping and rather vapid classical affectation (and other infallible signs of very early work) as they are, we can still detect in them the grace, the wit, and the fun which are to become so pre-eminent in Shakespearean comedy; all these are present, but present in embryo. These three plays mark Shakespeare's play-time. In "Richard III." he indicates already his strong practical tendency; he writes a regular ranting play, very Marlowesque in character, and moreover a one-part play of a pattern that must have been dear indeed to a tragedy lead (such as Burbage, for instance). Its success on the boards was the foundation-stone of his fortune. In "King John" he makes another popular bid by addressing a play to the noisy Protestant prejudice of the day. It shows a great advance upon "Richard III." in the art of characterisation, but it is inferior as a work of poetic art to "Richard II." Here in Gaunt's dying speech

From a Photograph taken in 1863, and kindly supplied by Barnett Johnstone, Esq.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery.

Shakespeare at a very early age became attached to Anne Hathaway, a maiden of Shottery some eight years his senior. Anne Hathaway's cottage is situate in this pretty village, about a mile across the fields from Stratford. It was originally a substantial farmhouse, for Richard Hathaway, Anne's father, was a well-to-do yeoman. It is not absolutely and conclusively proved that Shakespeare's wife lived at the cottage now bearing her name, but the tradition appears to have a good foundation. It was owned by Hathaways until 1838, and has since been occupied by their descendants. Mrs. Baker, the former custodian, lived there for seventy-six years. She died in 1899, aged eighty-six.

From the Dunford Portrait. **William Shakespeare.**

This portrait was purchased about 1814 by a printseller named Dunford from Edward Holder, a repairer of old paintings. Wivell ascertained that it was a forgery.

"But in a word, the head is neither Shakespeare, nor any other *poet;* it is that of a grave calculating man of the world, shrewd in the perception of his interest, and little subject to the soft or the liberal affections; the expression of the mouth in particular is decisive as to the temper of the man."—Boaden.

we get the first genuine roar of the young British lion:—

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
. . . . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth."

Here too we get the first glimpse of the interest still taken in England in the strange and fluctuating history of the old dynastic feuds. They were to the youth of Shakespeare what the Jacobite stories of the "Tales of a Grandfather" were to the boyhood of Scott; and this series of plays, together with the novels of Scott, form the finest background for his historical consciousness that an English boy can possibly have. Shakespeare's princes and statesmen in their speeches seem to give us the very pith and marrow of history.

Emergence of Genius, 1594-1600.

Hitherto, excellently though he was writing, Shakespeare had written nothing that would place his output much above the work of such a dramatist as Francis Beaumont. It is true that he had written two flowery poems, the "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," full of sensuous beauty, showing that he had felt to the full that religion of Beauty which all highly impressionable youth must feel: these he had addressed in flowery language as the "first heir" of his "invention" to the young Earl of Southampton, the handsomest and one of the richest men about the court, who was his special patron at the play-house, and the addressee of many of the exquisite Sonnets which he began writing soon after the publication of the poems in 1593-4. It is true, too, that he was beginning to be known and cordially disliked on account of his too rapid rise. Poor old Greene, prematurely worn out with sedentary toil and incessant scribbling, did his best to give the young man a fall in his dying valediction called "A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance." Beware, he wrote to his fellow toilers, of this upstart antic, who decks himself in our plumes, and then jets and struts as if the whole theatre belonged to him alone, low-bred Johannes Factotum that he is! Shakespeare's rising consideration is shown by the fact that Greene's publisher, like the good careful tradesman that he was, wrote at once to explain away his client's petulance, and to put on record without delay that Shakespeare was in reality the most upright, the most obliging, and the most admirable of men, and players. He was at any rate the most able, and capable of being one of the most formidable to a small man like Chettle. We come across several other contemporary sneers at Shakespeare's ambition, his snobbery in applying for a coat of arms, and his inordinate pride in buying the Great House in Stratford. But to such attacks Shakespeare never waited to reply or to retaliate; he was too busy and too successful. It was in fact during the next two years, 1594-6, that Shakespeare began in a marked degree to distance all his competitors. For he wrote about this time "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," the first draft of "All's Well that Ends Well" (or "Love's Labour's Won"), and "The Merchant of Venice." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a pastoral fairy-drama of the highest poetic beauty. In the loveliness of its lyrical music, and in that of its woodland, floral, hunting, and moonlight scenes it has rivals only in "The Merchant," "As You Like It," and "Winter's Tale." Shakespeare may not improbably have played Theseus himself and given utterance to that noble sentiment—

"For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it,"

and we have reason to be thankful that he had some good voices in the company, who could sing "You spotted snakes" and other such delightful lyrical fragments. As a whole the play is unique, and not one of Shakespeare's dramas is a more perfectly harmonious whole. It is the first of his plays which from the first scene, in which Hermia is given her choice between marriage with Demetrius and

"living a barren sister all her life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,"

to the last, in which the fairies dance at midnight in Theseus' palace, is unmistakably a work of genius.

Written probably when Shakespeare was about thirty, "Romeo and Juliet" is less flawless* and less free from the preciosity of Lyly than the "Dream," yet it must be considered upon the whole as a work of greater significance and moment. It is, indeed, one of Shakespeare's most world-wide triumphs, nay more, it is the typical love tragedy of the world, for as Tennyson said: "No one has drawn the true passion of love" as Shakespeare has done here. How many love scenes has it inspired, from De Musset downwards! The nearest approach to it that we can think of is the love duet between Richard and Lucy in "Feverel." You feel at once, what Shakespeare meant you to feel, that the culmination of the love of these two beautiful, ardent, and thrilling young human creatures is the object and climax of all existence. Yet with what finished art has Shakespeare provided relief for their simplex passion in the complex worldly wisdom of the Friar and the Nurse, and the transcendental wit of Mercutio. With what witchery of magic has he transformed and transfigured some of the oldest and most hackneyed lyrical motives, such as the declaration of love, the love soliloquy, and the dawn-song ere lovers part! This period of Shakespeare's work seems to us marked as no other by an air of conscious triumph in his mastery on the part of the artist, who was, had he known it, at the very point of the assumption of the primacy among all our poets.

The "Felton" Shakespeare.

This portrait was purchased in 1792 of J. Wilson, by S. Felton, of Drayton, Shropshire. It is inscribed "Gul. Shakespear, 1597, R. B." (*i.e.*, Richard Burbage). It was engraved by Josiah Boydell for George Steevens in 1797. Since 1873 it has been in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

"The picture is well drawn and well coloured. The expression is singularly calm and benevolent, and it has been much admired. It resembles the Droeshout engraving more than any other portrait, and by many has been believed to be a copy of it. On the other hand, Steevens thought that it was the original of that engraving."—J. Parker Norris's "Portraits of Shakespeare."

Of this period of fabulous growth and sunny realisation of power the most characteristic example, however, is "The Merchant of Venice." To labour a tale of Arabian extravagance to anything like probability, Shakespeare makes simply no attempt (he clung most tenaciously in the style of play which he favoured to the element of opera and the agency of miracle); but he simply revelled in his new-born power, and gave his audience of his best. In Shylock, a man perverted to a base malignity by a just sense of racial wrong, he created his first really tragic figure, and he revealed to us for the first time the inmost soul of a complex man. Yet see how unceremoniously Shylock is shuffled off at the end of the 4th Act, so as not to disturb the ravishing moonlight melodies which bring this miraculous and most typical play to a fitting close. This last act (*curtailed* by the modern stage!) has always seemed to us absolutely transporting, suggestive in some complicated and far-off way of Watteau and of Persia, of stately terraces and old court costumes, of warm southern nights, of fountains plashing in the moonlight, of silvery chimes and song and dance melodies, of the twanging of lutes and the twinkling of feet amidst the delicious perfumes of pinewoods in summer. It is hard to leave Belmont. There is enchantment in the very name!

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

Shakespeare followed up these early comedies by that wonderful series of historical dramas, the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." Together these plays form an epic, rising at its close to an apotheosis of English might and achievement. In variety, interest, and power they are very far removed from his earlier efforts in historical drama; and borrowed wholesale though the material is from Holinshed, they are in reality among the most original of all his productions. In splendour of rhetoric, constructive skill, knowledge of life, characterisation and creative humour (Falstaff), these plays show a marked advance upon anything that Shakespeare had yet done. And here we must remark upon a peculiarity in Shakespeare's work as a whole, which differentiates it from that of almost all other artists in literature—its progressive character.* Beginning with

* There are occasional specimens of almost imbecile punning, and lapses here and there into a kind of taste which is quasi-barbaric.

* The progress of Shakespeare's Art and Genius can be verified to some extent by external evidence. Apart from this, we can trace it alike in his psychology or character drawing, in the developing *wisdom* of his thought, in his use of words, in his employment of humour; above all, in the structure of his verse. In early work we perceive, with frequent rhyme, regular blank verse, self-contained, or at any rate carefully punctuated at the end of each couplet; in maturer work we have less and less rhyme, more prose, irregular, broken, and at times barely rhythmical blank verse. Trim convention gives place on every hand to a rich and catholic variety.

brilliant experiments and imitative essays in drama, he reaches the limits of pure fancy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," scales the heights of observation of common life, and sounds the depths of its humour in "Henry IV."; leaves even this behind, and goes on to produce the perfect comedy of his *Floréal* period ("As You Like It," "All's Well," "Much Ado," and "Twelfth Night"), in which romance and reality, prismatic wit and genial humour are so consummately blended; passes on to unapproached altitudes in "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Lear"; and, when it is apparently impossible that absolute power should increase, still widens his thought until, like an arctic mid-

Shakespeare Hall, Rowington.

According to old tradition the Hall at Rowington was the home of Thomas Shakespeare, a brother of the poet's father.

"The Hall is sometimes spoken of as a manor house, but hardly attains to that dignity. In fact, it is one of some seven or eight good houses in the immediate neighbourhood, all of about the same period. . . . The little room above the entrance is traditionally the room used by William Shakespeare, on his visits to the Hall, and the one in which he wrote 'As You Like It.' Whether the play was suggested by visits to this house, on the very borders of the forest of Arden, or whether the tradition was suggested by the play, is a matter for speculation."

(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

night, it seems to combine the hues of sunset and of dawn in the sovereign serenity of "The Tempest," passionless, but not less powerful than the greatest of his tragedies.

The Great Tragedies, 1601-8.

Before 1601 the genius of Shakespeare had but rarely travelled into the regions of the sublime or the mysterious. From this date onward, however, especially in the "great quadrilateral" of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Lear," we are simply overwhelmed by tragical issues, terrible and profound, interrupted only by the irony of "Troilus and Cressida" and the speculation of "Measure for Measure." Great resolutions (as in "Hamlet") the mere plaything of accident, valour, in "Macbeth," stooping to crime, honour and fidelity victims, in "Othello," to bat-like suspicion, generosity betrayed to selfishness, great dominion to lust, legitimate pride to insensate passion, old age the resistless prey of vultures in human form, Revenge, Jealousy, the appalling "Tragedy of Sleep," —these are some of the themes.* If we try to determine the reason for this persistent selection of tragic themes during the seven years that intervene between "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" (1601-8) we can do little more than take our choice between a growing sense of the waning romance of life, and of the omnipresence of evil, the importunity of deeper problems, a changing mood in the audience no less than in its author, the activity of younger rivals, the clamour of "star" actors for bigger parts—last, but not least, the tariff question, the tidal influence of supply and demand.

In none of these plays is there anything approaching to self-revelation. We can never feel sure how Shakespeare felt towards any of his characters. No great writer, we believe, reveals so little of himself in his writings. In "Hamlet," it is true, we get some trace of his professional views and a slight gust of one of the storms that troubled his professional career.† In Ulysses

* A few essential features of the tragedy of Shakespeare may be observed. "It is invariably a tragedy of weakness. There is no instance in it of the struggle of a strong man against overwhelming circumstances, or the struggle of a good man against overwhelming evil. In no single instance does the hero's fall result from his own nobility of character or purpose—it is in every case the consequence of his own weakness or follies. Every one of the heroes of Shakesperean tragedy is a weak man. . . . Hamlet, the highest spirit of them all, fails least. He at least in a fashion does his work. Nor is the theme of this tragedy in any case a moral struggle against what is called temptation. The themes chosen are not ethical in any distinctive sense. Love again plays a comparatively small part in Shakespearean tragedy. . . ." It would be rash to draw very positive conclusions from these facts, but they are suggestive. Shakespeare was an idealistic artist, but he lived in the centre of the actual. Now the tragedy of moral struggle, or of heroic failure, or of love are things comparatively rare, but the tragedy of weakness is—everywhere. But the tragedy of mere weakness is apt to be sordid. That it is never so in Shakespeare is due to the dramatist's characteristic love of intensity in human character. Shakespeare's tragic heroes, though none of them are heroic, are none of them mediocre; all are finely or even splendidly endowed. Every one of them has great qualities, and most of them are men of conspicuous intellect. See "The Age of Shakespeare," ii., 85-6.

† The rivalry in "classical" plays between Shakespeare and his friend Ben Jonson, and the bitter feud (in which Jonson was also closely involved) between the adult and boy actors. For an illuminating account of this, and in regard to the amount of self-revelation in the *Sonnets*, see Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare." Mr. Lee holds that this amount has been unduly exaggerated. It may be that he goes rather too far in the opposite direction; but there can be no doubt of the great service he has done in demolishing the superstructure of fable about the dedication of the *Sonnets* as issued in 1609. The book, as was common in those days, was published without the author's permission by a stationer "in the street," one Thomas Thorpe; and the "dark" dedication was merely a more or less hackneyed trade compliment which one of these pushful book-pirates (with a lively anticipation of favours to come in return) was in the habit of paying to another member of the same confraternity.

it is possible that we get Shakespeare's own conception of subordination as the axis of human society. In "Coriolanus," again, taken in connection with what has gone before, we seem to get just a hint of Shakespeare's political antipathy—Demos. A mob to him (like a motor with us) was a thing inseparable from an evil smell; a thing most rank and corrupt, both literally and metaphorically. Shakespeare was, in the best sense of the word, essentially an aristocrat, and it is instructive to see how writers of a democratic humour have shown an instinctive dislike of him. Bunyan had probably never heard of him, but Swift, Defoe, and Burns (who preferred *Douglas*) mistrusted him; Goldsmith, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," attributes a taste for "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" to the sham refinement of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs; while Cobbett, with his usual *sans gêne*, speaks of Shakespeare as "a punster and a smutster" and a "great snob" for making paladins of the two young peasants in "Cymbeline," owing to the mere fact that royal blood coursed secretly in their veins.

From an imaginative Painting by T. Brooks, R.A., now in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.

Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy.

"He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and among them, some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London."—Rowe, 1709.

Sunset Glow of Romance, 1610-12.

"Coriolanus" was one of three plays, in which Shakespeare used Plutarch as a prop as he had previously used Holinshed, probably with the intention of saving himself trouble and merely dramatising historical narratives. But in every case (especially that of Antony) he was caught in the web of his own imagination, and irresistibly impelled to put forth the full strength that was in him. After "Coriolanus," Shakespeare's pre-occupation with the gravest issues ends, and he creates for us a new type of play—the "romance" ("Cymbeline," "Winter's Tale," "Tempest," 1610-12), in the direction of which it is possible that his mind may have been turned by the immense success of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster." Finally, on the eve of his retirement in 1613, he wrote some scenes for a pageant play of "Henry VIII.," and a few shreds to be woven into the texture of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," by John Fletcher (who was now thirty-four to his forty-nine), the rising hope and crown-prince, as it were, both of the "company" and the play-going circle of which he had so long been the undisputed *roi-soleil*.

Stratford and rest at last! He had realised the most normal ambition of the strong man—returning to the home of his youth with the fortune that he had made in

Painted by Thomas Faed.

Shakespeare and his Contemporaries.

An imaginary tableau of Shakespeare in the centre f an admiring group of listening nobles and fellow dramatists, presumably at the "Mermaid Tavern." Among the supposed intimates whom the poet is thus treating on a footing of equality we may recognise Southampton, Essex, Ben Jonson, Drayton, Chapman, Beaumont, and Fletcher—the last named at least was in a sense Shakespeare's disciple.

Rischgitz Collection.

From a Photograph by Harold Baker.

Charlecote House.

Charlecote House, one of the finest Elizabethan mansion in the country, is always associated with Shakespeare on account of his traditionary poaching of game there, which, it wa supposed, was the cause of his leaving Stratford and joining the players in London. The present house, which is situated bout five miles from Stratford, was built in 1558 by Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have been satirised by Shakespeare in " he Merry Wives of Windsor " under the name of Justice Shallow, whose arms bore the " luce " or " pike."

(Reproduced from Harold Baker's " Stratford-on-Avon," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

the centre of competition. His balance was drawn. He had written " settled " at the foot of the account, and we know what his old player-comrades thought of him : " Our Shakespeare," " so worthy a friend and fellow "—

" Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare! "

" Of Shakespeare, *our countryman*," wrote his rival Ben Jonson, with honest pride, " I loved the man, and do honour his memory." . . .

" Soule of the Age
The Applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage! "
. . . . . .

Last Years at Stratford, 1613-16.

All the time that he was producing his early masterpieces, by which in his capacity as author he is estimated to have earned on an average some £20 a year,* Shakespeare in his capacity of actor was effectively hoarding money. In 1596 he is believed to have revisited his family at Stratford, and it must have been about time. Halliwell-Phillipps tells us that between 1588 and 1594 Mrs. Shakespeare had to borrow forty shillings from a former shepherd of her father's. When the ex-shepherd died in 1601 the money was unpaid, and he directed his executor to recover the money from Mr. William Shakespeare, gent., and to distribute it among the poor of Stratford. The poet appears, however, to have released his father from grave pecuniary difficulties. Next year he bought for £60 the largest house in Stratford, known as New Place. Henceforth we have plentiful details of his investments in land at Stratford, of his purchase of the local tithes, of his lawsuits with debtors and others, and of his good fortune in securing two proprietary shares in the Globe Theatre (worth £200 a year each). As Bagehot remarked, " the reverential character of Englishmen has carefully preserved what they thought the great excellence of their poet, that he made a fortune." He probably went down to Stratford every year from 1597 onwards, and after his retirement in 1613 he settled there, having disposed of his theatre shares and sunk nearly all his capital in house property and real estate in his native town. His only son, Hamnet, had died early, but he was keenly interested in the domestic affairs of his two daughters ; the eldest, Susanna (his heiress), had married in 1607 John Hall, a rising physician, of Puritan leanings, by whom she had, in 1608, a daughter, Elizabeth, the poet's only grandchild.* The younger daughter, Judith, married in February, 1616, a Stratford vintner named Thomas Quiney, and Shakespeare is said to have made merry at her wedding. The increasingly Puritan atmosphere of the place must have been rather oppressive to him.

The precise manner of the poet's death is uncertain. His will, still preserved in the Prerogative Office, is dated March 25th, 1616. His handwriting—never at all good, if we may judge from the five signatures that have been preserved—is feeble, shaky, and imperfect. In estimating his orthography, however, we must remember that he learned handwriting when that art was at its nadir in England, long after the good old legal hand had gone out, and before the fine Italian penmanship had come in, and when the terrors of abbreviations and parafes were in full swing. His death did not occur until the 23rd of April following (he was buried on the 25th); this alone would serve greatly to weaken the tradition, circulated fifty years later, that the poet died of a fever contracted at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson. His bust in Stratford Church (erected by the family within six years of his decease), his portrait by Droeshout prefixed to the first folio edition of his works in 1623 (and which, as interpreted to some

* Multiply by at least six to bring to modern values. As a player between 1590 and 1599, Mr. Sidney Lee estimates that Shakespeare made, on an average, £115 per annum (" Life of Shakespeare," Library Edition, p. 159).

* This Elizabeth married as her second husband, in 1649, Sir John Barnard, of Abington, and at her death, in 1670, she was the last surviving descendant of the poet, whose Stratford property she had inherited just previously to her second marriage. The poet's own widow died on 6th August, 1623, *aet.* 67.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From the Droeshout Original.

extent by the Droeshout painting, seems to us by far the most interesting and probably authentic of the portraits) refute the supposition that the poet was given to strong drink. If the opinion of competent judges may be taken, the bust was executed from a cast taken after death. It was certainly coloured from life, and, until whitewashed in 1793 (owing to the unpardonable presumption and folly of Malone), represented the poet exactly as he appeared to his contemporaries. The large dome-shaped forehead is the most striking feature of the image, the colours of which were restored in 1861. The eyes are a bright hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet scarlet, covered with a loose black sleeveless gown. Shakespeare's hands, in one of which is a quill, repose upon a cushion, and beneath this is an inscription in indifferent Latin, likening Shakespeare to a Nestor for judgment, a Socrates for genius, and a Virgil for art. Then come six couplets in English, while above the grave itself, near the north wall of the chancel, is the well-known *siste viator* appeal to the sexton. The poet died within a few days of the immortal author of "Don Quixote"; he had just completed his fifty-second year, and was thus of the same age as Molière and Napoleon. Cæsar and Dante were each 56, Alexander 32, Newton 84, and Goethe 82.

Points of Observation.

Like Wellington, who, in his capacity of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, once said that he was "much exposed" to the attentions of poets, Shakespeare has been much exposed, both as regards his Life and Writings, to indiscriminate and hysterical eulogy. No one really ought to write on Shakespeare without a special license. Failing this restriction, our Higher Morality has canonised the bard as a saint upon data which would be insufficient to get a retired dramatist of the present day into an almshouse. We shall venture (for strict reasons of space) to praetermit the usual panegyric at this point,* and proceed to mention three facts about Shakespeare so obvious and so ordinary that they are in danger of being commonly overlooked.

Positive.

1. Shakespeare was first and foremost a literary man. He was not in the least a sedentary man, or a man of study; on the contrary, he was an open-air man, a man of affairs and a sportsman,* but he had that peculiar, that compelling, and that much-abused power of transmitting thoughts and impressions by means of ink and paper which distinguishes the literary from the non-literary man. Like all great authors, he uttered a vast quantity of truth without knowing it; he delivers *obiter dicta* in cases of which he never even heard, and pours forth profound opinions on many subjects of which *practically* he knew nothing. This seeming omniscience, this gift of divination, this wonderful power of intuition, is common in all first-rate writers and in many that are not first-rate (how many of us have marvelled in our youth at the omniscience of "Ouida"?). A remarkable instance is supplied by the most accomplished poet of our own time, Victor Hugo, whose private ignorance, as shown in his letters, and universal wisdom, as displayed in his poetry, jostle one another in a manner that is truly bewildering. A more convincing and readable natural history than the eight volumes of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" has probably never been turned out, yet we are credibly informed by the author's best friend that Goldsmith's zoological knowledge was limited by the power to distinguish a horse from a cow.† A considerable number of the readers of this article must have had far greater facilities for studying the humours of a country tavern than George Eliot can possibly be supposed to have had, yet how many of them could realise (what all can recognise) a conversation such as

* This special point, upheld by Bagehot, has been proved, we take it, by Mr. Justice Madden.

† He says incidentally that a cow sheds its horns every year.

(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

A View of The Guild Chapel, Showing the Site of Shakespeare's House at New Place.

"In 1597, only twelve years after the time when he is generally supposed to have left Stratford, William Shakespeare bought New Place, the most important house in the town, and one that was known to the neighbours as 'the great house.' Originally built for Sir Hugh Clopton, late in the fifteenth century, it is probable that the building was thoroughly out of repair when bought by Shakespeare, or he would hardly have obtained it for so small a sum as £60. No doubt the house was thoroughly renovated, for it became the poet's residence, and remained so until his death."

* For a recent attempt at a short general estimate it is permissible to refer the reader to "The Age of Shakespeare" (Bell, 1903), by the present writer and Mr. J. W. Allen.

(Reproduced from John Leyland's "The Shakespeare Country," by kind permission of the Editor of *Country Life*.)

Billesley Hall.

"Amongst the local gossips it has 'always' been reported that Billesley Hall boasted a good store of books, to which Shakespeare had access, and of which he made good use; and there is one room in the hall which has 'always' been known as the Shakespeare room, from a tradition that there the poet slept when visiting Billesley."—"Shakespeare's Town and Times," by H. Snowden Ward.

that commenced by Mr. Snell in the parlour of "The Rainbow" at Raveloe: "Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?" The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat, and replied, "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John." It is just this power of literary second sight which distinguishes an author from another; and it is this very power of almost unlimited intuition which makes Shakespeare as a dramatist so unapproachably great.

2. This supreme gift is accompanied in the case of Shakespeare, as in the case of most very great authors, by a spontaneous flow of words and a wealth of vocabulary far beyond that of the ordinary cultivated man, public speaker, or man of letters.* Shakespeare is said to have used some 20,000 different words. This alone, having regard to the then resources of the language, is an extraordinary and probably unrivalled feat. His intrepidity in the use of new, or newly borrowed and difficult, words is no less remarkable. New words untarnished by use, but at the same time quite untried, were simply pouring into the language at the time, and Shakespeare seizes upon such words by hundreds, applies them and fits them into places with such skill that there they have remained permanent in the language ever since. He was especially lucky in finding a language established, but not yet fetlocked by grammar and dictionary; and he rose to his opportunity. Such considerations as these are of the most preliminary; yet had they been only kept in mind what misspent learning devoted to proving Shakespeare in succession a sea captain, a lawyer, a soldier, a divine, a doctor, a printer, a great traveller, a professional horticulturist, an eminent Grecian, or a Lord Keeper might have been applied to more useful purpose!†

3. Shakespeare was an actor, and though the motley may have been irksome at times, yet, like all actors, he was at heart loyal to "the profession," the minute knowledge of the needs of which is traceable in almost every page of his writing. He was in his later days practically an actor-manager, and this is probably the reason (by the operation of a well-known principle) why actor-managers of a later date will have so little to say to him. He had a great love for stage-costume, archæology, pageant, and music, together with a passion for stage-illusion which incurred considerable ridicule, and a foible for elaboration which eventually led to a great fire at the Globe Theatre (June 29th, 1613). He thought largely in terms of entrances and exits. Sir Henry Irving

(Reproduced from John Leyland's "The Shakespeare Country," by kind permission of the Editor of *Country Life*.)

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

"This building, by the river-side, contains a Library, an Art Gallery, and a Theatre, where memorial performances are given every year. It was built in 1877 at the initiation of Mr. Charles E. Flower, who gave the site. The Library contains about 8,000 volumes, a number steadily increasing, as every book or paper relating to Shakespeare that can be procured is added, and readers come from all parts of the world to consult the books it contains. . . . A handsome Shakespeare Monument stands close to the theatre, the gift of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, who modelled the figures."—"Stratford-on-Avon," by Harold Baker.

* In some modern writers, such as Hugo and Kipling, the same spontaneous gift of *copia verborum* is readily recognised. In many there is the same richness, but it is not spontaneous—Milton, Urquhart, Browne, Balzac, Gautier, Tennyson, Browning.

† Was Shakespeare an Angler? Was Shakespeare a Woman? Was Shakespeare a Whist-player? The Messiahship of Shakespeare. War Shakespeare ein Christ? These are titles of Treatises!

once propounded a theory that he played the Ghost in "Hamlet" in order that he might go down and have a look at the receipts in the long interval between his entrances. He had evidently given careful study to such subjects as grouping, colour contrast, breathing-spaces for actors in heavy leads, and the difficulty of getting corpses off the stage. Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and it is in connection with the stage alone that he can be fully appreciated or made really popular. Shakespeare, the whole of Shakespeare, and nothing but Shakespeare at a leading London house is one of the desiderata of the present day.

And Negative.

As a supplement to these rudimentary propositions it would be as well to endeavour to point out a Shakespearean fallacy or two. As De Quincey was one of the first to make clear,* Shakespeare was *not* neglected in his own day. On the contrary (though the values were, of course, devoid of perspective), Shakespeare was better appreciated in his own age than in any other. At what other period could he be called "the applause, the delight, the wonder of our stage"? In our time practically we never see the real Shakespeare revived,† and on the rare occasions when a Shakespearean play is given it is so disguised and starred and decorated and "brought up to date" as to be almost unrecognisable. Except from patently interested motives, we do not know of anyone of his own time who abused Shakespeare or described him as an impostor or a vulgar jingo (which is what would have befallen him had he lived to-day). On the other hand, everyone praised him. Even Bacon, who hated poets and thought poetry no better than *vinum dæmonum*, regarded Shakespeare as not unworthy the compliment of occasional imitation. Our kings are generally a fair weather-gauge of popular taste. Now Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. all loved Shakespeare, but from Charles II. onwards, as far as we have been able to gather, all our sovereigns have shown a decided tendency to be bored by the immortal William.

Shakespeare was *not* a portentous scholar. If he wanted learned information on any point beyond his ken he had simply to milk one of the numerous pedants or connoisseurs of Italian and classical learning who were always to be found in the trains of the greater Elizabethan nobles. On the other hand, he was not an inspired idiot (Voltaire's bouffon), a know-nothing, who warbled wood notes wild by sheer inspiration from Nature.

He was *not* a member of the S.P.C.K. (the German view); he did not write his plays to illustrate copybook truisms. He was certainly far from being the spooney ("with no more of the devil in him than the author of the 'Christian Year'") which those who are perpetually dwelling upon his "gentleness" would have us believe. Shakespeare, in fact, was about as moral as Life; he was not anything like so moral as his commentators. The ethical significance of his work may be felt; it cannot be demonstrated with a blackboard and

* In his amazing Digressional on Shakespeare for the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

† As Molière, for instance, is "revived" at the Français.

The Tumble-Down Stile, near Charlecote.

Where tradition says that Shakespeare was caught by gamekeepers in the nefarious act of deer-stealing.

"Great pains have been taken to show that Shakespeare could not have been harried for deer-stealing, because there was no deer park at Charlecote; or for rabbit-stealing, because rabbits were not game. In reply various defenders of the old story point out that there is a record of a deer having been sent as a present from Charlecote; that, if Charlecote had no deer-park, the trouble may have been in Fulbroke park, which had contained deer, and which at that time was confiscate to the Crown, and probably in the charge of Sir Thomas Lucy."

(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

pointer. When he left his second best bedstead to his wife Shakespeare did *not* mean the bequest as a deliberate insult.

Finally, Shakespeare was *not* a universal genius.

People often speak of Shakespeare as if he were different in kind from all other writers. They imply that he was a writer too great to have a personality, a manner, an age or a country, and far too great to be criticised. Criticism becomes in their eyes Blasphemy!

The Lime Avenue, Stratford Church.

The principal entrance to the parish church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, is through the north porch at the end of a beautiful avenue of lime trees. The porch was probably built at the same time as the chancel and the west door. The window of the chamber above the porch was formerly covered by a tablet bearing the inscription: "This walk was paued and pich't in ye year of our Lord God 1719 at the onely cost and charge of Mr. John Hunt, an alderman and a standing justice for the Borough of Stratford and village of Old Stratford."

(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

Interior of the Old Swan Theatre.

"The interior of the Swan Theatre will enable the reader to appreciate the general conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were originally presented. The stage is a platform coming out into the body of the playhouse, and the doors for exits and entrances are at the rear. The process by which the stage has receded to its present position, with the auditorium all before it, has been a gradual process. Even after the Restoration, the stage projected some distance beyond the proscenium, with tiers of boxes above, and at particularly sonorous passages the actors would come out upon this platform and declaim with gestures and attitudes in the traditional style of rhetoric."—"Shakespeare's London," by T. F. Ordish.

(Reproduced from C. C. Stopes's "Shakespeare's Fami'y," by kind permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.)

Yet, as Jonson the most epigrammatic and Johnson the sanest of his critics pointed out, Shakespeare is full of faults.* Shakespeare is not universal; no man can be. He was essentially a sixteenth century Englishman, and something of a chauvinist at that. Of the far-off Old England and its racy primitive literature Shakespeare knew nothing and cared less. Where in him shall we get a hint of the blood-stirring ballad lilt?

"O, the oak and the ash and the bonny birken tree,
They are all growing green in the old countree."

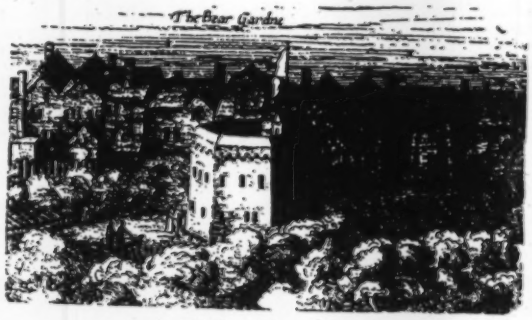
A South View of the Falcon Tavern, on the Bankside, Southwark, as it appeared in 1805.

This Tavern was situated a little to the east of Blackfriars Bridge, where there was at one time a ferry across the Thames. It was an old and interesting tavern, and said by tradition to have been specially frequented by Shakespeare and his dramatic companions.

Rischgitz Collection.

Of the metaphysical, theocratic, oligarchic, economic, and humanitarian *(Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité)* strivings of an England of more recent date, Shakespeare had but a vague askance prevision. To the *omnium gatherum*, happy-go-lucky, pleasure first, party second, and palaver everywhere type of polity which we have evolved since 1832, even his power of divination was unequal. His love of authority and his contempt for the "mutable, rank-scented many" are thoroughly Tudor and pre-Armada sentiments. He was in fact intensely a man of his own time. The critics are apt to talk as if Shakespeare embraced in himself the special capacities of virtually all our next greatest men—as if he were a profounder spiritual seer than Herbert, or Bunyan, or Blake, or Wordsworth, a closer thinker than Berkeley or Browning, a greater conscious artist than Milton or Tennyson, a lyrist of greater intensity than Burns, or Shelley, or Keats.

All this is extravagant. If Shakespeare be our



Globe Theatre.

"In 1599, Richard Burbage and his brother Cuthbert demolished the old building of the theatre and built, mainly out of the materials of the dismantled fabric, the famous theatre called the Globe on the Bankside. It was octagonal in shape and built of wood, and doubtless Shakespeare described it as 'this wooden O' in the opening chorus of 'Henry V.'"—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.

(Reproduced from C. C. Stopes's "Shakespeare's Fami'y," by kind permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.)

greatest man, he is still a man, not a corporation of intellects. Moreover, it is most mischievous. The author is lost in a blaze of light, and people treat Shakespeare as they treat the sun, they don't look at him. They say that Shakespeare is so big that it is hopeless to try and comprehend him. He becomes to them a formula for supreme literary excellence. He ceases to be a man, a human character, to sound and explore, to love or hate, to cherish or wrestle with, and becomes a monster; so monstrous has he become in fact that he proves a perfect obsession to certain minds, and so the Bacon bogey is

* An intellectual billionaire, Shakespeare's most obvious faults (we speak of them in the dim recesses of a note) are carelessness, profusion, and extravagance. He strains language to the point of obscurity or slovenliness, neglects the very rudiments of plausibility of plot or chronological coherence, sacrifices dramatic propriety and instancy to bravura and rhetoric, or, worse still, to scandalous quibbles and ignominious puns. His plays, in the first instance, were pot-boilers. He knew his audiences and actors, and made concessions to both, to the detriment of his work. Caring little for formal completeness, he rarely consented to subordinate all his detail to his main design. If an episode or a character did not rouse his imagination, he wrote well enough for his audience, and was content. For the interpretation of "Shakespeare as a Man," which we must attempt if we are to live with Shakespeare, see Sir Leslie Stephen's article with that title.

Swan Theatre.

The Swan Theatre, Southwark, was built about 1596, and used as an amphitheatre for bull and bear baiting, as well as for the acting of plays by the insertion of a movable stage when required. It was one of the largest London theatres, but fell into decay, and was swept away about 1633.

(Reproduced from C. C. Stopes's "Shakespeare's Family," by kind permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.)

begotten. People who begin by saying Shakespeare is too great for the stage end by believing that he is too little to have written his own works. As with all Religions, the more the true knowledge and spirit decays, the louder do we shout our Credo. Shakespeare! Shakespeare!! Shakespeare!!! It has become a kind of fetish word with us, an addition (we had almost said) to the already intolerable burden of national hypocrisies. We have Shakespeare on our lips, but not in our hearts or in our lives, and are, in fact, little better for Shakespeare than if he had never been "our countryman" and lived and worked *here* among us.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND THE VALE OF THE RED HORSE.

By H. SNOWDEN WARD,
Author of "Shakespeare's Town and Times."

THAT part of Woody Warwickshire to which the name of Shakespeare Land is sometimes given, lies in the Vale of the Red Horse, dominated by Edge Hill, and following the slow windings of the Avon from Warwick to "Drunken Bidford." The Red Horse itself, one of the smallest of the many hillside memorials made by cutting through the green turf to the coloured subsoil, is now masked by a plantation of trees, and has so long been left without "scouring" that probably even the old inhabitants could no longer trace its outline. It lies near the crest of Edge Hill, above Kineton and the battle-field, close to the road by which Shakespeare probably left Stratford-on-Avon on his journey to Banbury and London; and from this road we obtain the best bird's-eye view of Shakespeare Land. Almost due west is Stratford-on-Avon. To our right, to the northward, lies Warwick, ten miles from Stratford, and a couple of miles further is Kenilworth, where it is suggested that the boy Shakespeare may have seen Leicester's great water-pageant in honour of Queen Elizabeth, to which he referred in the words of Oberon (Midsummer Night's Dream II. 2), commencing with "a mermaid on a dolphin's back," and introducing the compliment to "a fair vestal throned by the west." On the far side of the river, to the west of Warwick, lies Rowington, with Shakespeare Hall, known to have been in the hands of some member of the Shakespeare family in the poet's time, and traditionally the place where "As You Like It" was written. Near Rowington is Wroxall, home of some of those "late antecessors" mentioned in John Shakespeare's claim for a grant of arms, and not far away lies Snitterfield, John Shakespeare's birthplace, connected by some three miles of charming rural lanes with Wilmcote, where the successful young glover wooed Mary Arden, who was to become the Mother of the world's king of letters. At Snitterfield no trace remains of the house or farm buildings of the poet's grandfather, so our interest centres in the old church, and the font where John must have been christened. At Wilmcote still stands a good old yeoman's dwelling and outbuildings which were the property of Mary Arden's father, though it is probable that his home no longer exists. And only a few yards away is that "green, at Wincot," where Kit Sly, the tinker (an actual contemporary of William Shakespeare), was found, drunk, by the party of a lord returning from hunting (induction to "Taming of The Shrew"). The place where Shakespeare's parents were married was, almost certainly, Aston Cantlow, which has still its fine old church, its King's Head Inn, and many buildings as

Inside of the Red Bull Playhouse, St. John's Street, Clerkenwell.

"Shakespeare's plays were for some time acted at this theatre, by an independent company, of whose success the King's company became jealous, and they sought to keep to themselves the right of exhibiting the unrivalled productions of our immortal bard, by obtaining an injunction from the Master of the Revels, on the 16th April, 1627, to forbid the playing of Shakespeare's plays by the Red Bull company; for which injunction they paid £5."—"The History of Clerkenwell," by W. J. Pink.

Rischgitz Collection.

William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke.

One of "the incomparable brothers" to whom the first folio was dedicated.

"Seven years after the dramatist's death, two of his friends and fellow-actors prepared the collective edition of his plays known as the First Folio, and they dedicated the volume in the conventional language of Eulogy, 'To the most noble and incomparable paire of brethren, William, Earl of Pembroke, etc., Lord Chamberlaine to the King's most excellent Majesty, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, etc., Gentleman of His Majesties Bedchamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter and our singular good Lords.'"—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.

Rischgitz Collection.

old as Shakespeare's day. Between here and Stratford lies Billesley Hall, where the poet is said to have had access to the best local library of his time; where a "Shakespeare" bedroom is pointed out, and where the poet's last living descendant, his granddaughter, Bess Hall, was married to her second husband. Still nearer to Stratford is Clopton House, the home, during Shakespeare's later life, of Ambrose Rookwood, youngest of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; with its great dining-hall, associated with "The Taming of The Shrew."

All these places lie within the Arden, or high and wooded district whose ample oaks made Stratford and Warwick the successful centres of tanning and glove-making which they were in Shakespeare's time. Through the lower Felden or cultivated district, winds the Avon, and on its eastern bank, nearer to Stratford than to Warwick, nestles the beautiful Tudor home of Sir Thomas Lucy, the alleged persecutor of the deer-stealing youth, Shakespeare, and the original of Justice Shallow, whose "dozen white luces do become an old coat well." So definite is local tradition that the exact spot where Shakespeare was caught by the game-keepers is shown, in the "tumble-down stile," a sort of trick fence nearly opposite to the main gateway of the park.

A mile from Stratford, to the westward, lies Shottery, with the quaint, picturesque, and comfortable yeoman's house which is known to the whole world as Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the home of Shakespeare's wife. Shottery Manor Farm, too, has an interest known to comparatively few visitors, because it is possible that Shakespeare was married in its great roof room by the old Catholic ritual before his "conformable" marriage. Some three miles down the western bank of the river, past the Borden Hill, "a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," lies Luddington, probably the place of Shakespeare's conformable wedding, and scattered over the next three miles or so of the fertile vale are the "eight villages," mentioned in the doggerel rhyme attributed to Shakespeare on the morning after a drinking bout:—

> "Piping Pebworth; dancing Marston;
> Haunted Hillborough; hungry Grafton;
> Dadging Exhall; Papist Wixford,
> Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford."

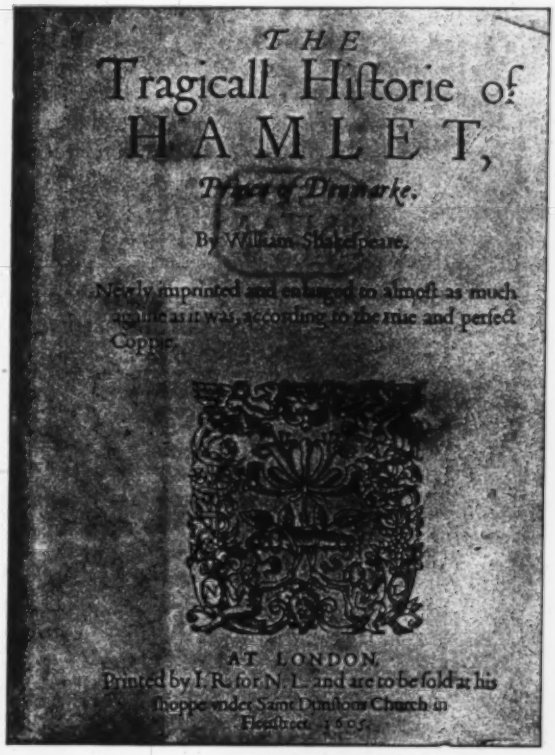
These are well worth visiting by any one who has the time and who wishes to know from experience something of the local "atmosphere." They can all be brought within a day's drive from Stratford, or a walk for a fairly good pedestrian, from Broom Junction. For walking, a very good map is necessary, in order that the field paths and lanes may be taken instead of the much longer road routes; and if a native guide can be impressed, so much the better.

Shakespeare's Patron, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton.

From the Painting by Paul Von Somer, now in the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon.

"From the dedicatory epistles addressed by Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton in the opening pages of his two narrative poems, 'Venus and Adonis' (1593) and 'Lucrece' (1594), from the account given by Sir William D'Avenant, and recorded by Nicholas Rowe, of the earl's liberal bounty to the poet, and from the language of the 'Sonnets,' it is abundantly clear that Shakespeare enjoyed very friendly relations with Southampton from the time when his genius was nearing its maturity."—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.

(Reproduced from a Photograph kindly supplied by W. Salt Brassington, Esq., Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.)


THE
Tragicall Hiſtorie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.
By William Shakeſpeare.
Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much
againe as it was, according to the true and perfect
Copie.
AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be ſold at his
ſhoppe vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in
Fleetſtreet. 1604.

The Title-page of the Second Quarto of "Hamlet."

"'Hamlet' was the only drama by Shakespeare that was acted in his lifetime at the two Universities. It has since attracted more attention from actors, playgoers, and readers of all capacities than any other of Shakespeare's plays. Its world-wide popularity from its author's day to our own, when it is as warmly welcomed in the theatres of France and Germany as in those of England and America, is the most striking of the many testimonies to the eminence of Shakespeare's dramatic instinct."—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.

Rischgitz Collection.

Returning from such a round (the river will be crossed at Bidford) it is worth while to take in the village of Clifford Chambers, to see the Rectory House. This fine old building, in fourteenth century timbered style, was for some time regarded as possibly the birthplace of the great poet, because it was found to have been occupied by a John Shakespeare at the time of William Shakespeare's birth.

Approaching Stratford-on-Avon from this side we may turn from the highway, through pleasant fields and bits of coppice to the river's marge, and stroll toward the little town by the narrow pathway that clings along the side of the steep Weir Brake, where Shakespeare was inspired with the fairy passages of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" if local tradition be trustworthy. From the Weir Brake we gain a charming view of Stratford, especially effective at eventide, when the sunset clouds are low beyond the broad plain, behind the taper spire of Shakespeare's church, and a few tall clumps of those elms which are so numerous and so fine as to earn the title of "Warwickshire Weeds." A pathway through the fields brings us to the flour mill, with weirs and osier islands forming very picturesque settings for views of the Church. If we keep up the same (Eastern) side of the river we cross the Town Meadow, a public playing field, which gives beautiful and varied views of the church, and of Avon Bank (the home of the late Mr. Charles E. Flower, Stratford's great benefactor), the Memorial Theatre and Library, standing in its Bancroft (bank croft) Gardens, the tramway bridge (which is mainly useful, now, as giving a good view of the Memorial and Church), and the Clopton Bridge. This, the chief bridge at Stratford, bears the name of the great Stratfordian who built it; a man who left his Warwickshire home for London, but who, even after attaining great wealth, and being thrice Lord Mayor, still remembered with affection his little native town. A few hundred yards further up the eastern side of the Avon is the bathing-place, a picturesque bit of bank, fringed with pollard willows, where the lads were probably wont to bathe even in Shakespeare's day.

Instead of continuing up the eastern bank from near the mill, it is possible to cross the river by a foot bridge; and as this brings us close to the station of the East and West Junction Railway, it makes a good starting-point for a tour of the town. This station has long had a service of trains in connection with the North-Western

SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES
HISTORIES &
TRAGEDIES

Facsimile of the Title-page of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Works.

A space was left in the title-page of the first folio for the copper-plate engraving of Shakespeare by Martin Droeshout.

On the opposite page are the following verses by Ben Jonson:—

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doe the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse,
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

From the Stace Portrait. **William Shakespeare.**

This portrait takes its name from Machell Stace, bookseller and dealer in pictures. Stace bought the picture prior to 1811 from a Mr. Linnell, of Bloomsbury, after it had apparently passed through many hands, and been put up for sale by auction at various taverns.

"The head is thrown back, and the shoulders are ungracefully round. The eyes are considerably too large. The hair, instead of the beautiful and picturesque disposition which Soest studied in the works of Rubens and Vandyke, is heavily cumbered into a dark mass; and the beard is treated in the same tasteless and fanatical style.—Boaden.

Rischgitz Collection.

Railway, but its usefulness has increased since the Great Central has been offering marvellously cheap day-excursion fares, which include lunch at Stratford-on-Avon, and dinner on the return train. This new service has done so much for visitors whose time is limited, that I cannot well refrain from mentioning it.

Starting, then, from the Mill bridge, which is connected with the railway station by a tiny footpath, a very short walk northward along Mill Lane brings us to the yard of grey old Trinity Church. Here we may still see the battered remains of the font at which Shakespeare was christened, and the place within the altar rails where his dust is laid. Before leaving the churchyard we should wander to the boundary wall against the river, for the view of the Mill and the Memorial Theatre.

On leaving, by the lime tree avenue and the northern gate, we find the beautiful grounds of Avon Bank, with some very small remains of conventual buildings immediately on our right. The road in which we stand is called Old Town, and a few yards away, at its junction with Southern Lane, is Avon Croft, once the home of R. B. Wheler, the historian of Stratford; and very quaint is the old building, with its two powdering-closets jutting out toward the lane. A few yards further, on the same side of Old Town, past the Parish Room, stands Hall's Croft, the home of Shakespeare's elder daughter Susanna, after her marriage with Dr. John Hall; and continuing in the same direction we soon reach Church Street. Here, on the left, stands the modern building of Trinity College School, and just beyond it an old house, Mason Croft, now the home of Miss Marie Corelli. At the junction of Church Street and Chapel Lane we find the Hall, Grammar School, and Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross, intimately connected with Shakespeare's school-days and first sight of a stage play. On the opposite corner is the Falcon Tavern, and just across Chapel Street is the site of New Place, which Shakespeare bought when retiring to his native town as a successful man, and where he died. The gardens of New Place are freely open to the public, and it is but a few steps to the Memorial Theatre, etc., at the foot of Chapel Lane. Here, if the day is clear, the tower should be climbed, for a comprehensive view of the whole wide Vale of the Red Horse.

Returning up Chapel Lane, Chapel Street is to our right, with the houses of Shakespeare's neighbours, Anthony Nash, Julius Shaw, and one of the Hathaways, adjoined by the Shakespeare Hotel and its extremely interesting continuation, "The Five Gables." The Nash house is open as a museum, and has the especial interest of having been the home of Thomas Nash, who married Shakespeare's granddaughter, Bess Hall.

At the corner of Chapel Street and Sheep Street is the Town Hall; modern, but containing a few good paintings. Opposite is a fine timbered building, "Tudor House," and next to it the Harvard House, built while Shakespeare was living in Stratford, and the home of Katharine Harvard (born Rogers), the mother of the founder of America's great university. Sheep Street has some timbered buildings well worth seeing. At the bottom, turn left; and left again at the next turning, to reach Bridge Street, with the old Golden Lion (Ye Peacocke, in Shakespeare's day), and the Red Horse, made world-famous by Washington Irving's note in the "Sketch-book." At the top of Bridge Street on the left (corner of High Street) is the "Quiney" house, for thirty-six years the home of Shakespeare's younger daughter, Judith. Mr. Fox, who occupies this building, obligingly shows the interior (the outside is bad Georgian stucco), including the cellar which was once the town prison, and gives to the house its local name of The Cage.

From here to the Birthplace is only a couple of hundred yards along Henley Street, and at this shrine of Literature our tour may well end. Here, as at the other show-places in Stratford, the flippant, ignorant visitor will find the guides and custodians civil, uninteresting, and very slightly communicative; rattling over a list of dry dates and facts in an amiable effort to disguise their disgust at his vulgarity; but the intelligent traveller will

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Photo, H. Snowden Ward.

find them genuinely interested in their subject, with information that is extensive and usually accurate, and with every wish to be helpful. Here, as throughout life, "one finds what one brings."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

By an Old National Observer.

THERE were two of us by the sea, and one had just been quoting Henley; for a brave wind was blowing, great clouds floated over a sunny sky, we had the noise of the waves in our ears, the smell of them in our nostrils. Then and there was brought to us the news that he was dead: a thing incredible. For to all who had been numbered among his "young men" he was one of the big elemental forces. One could not realise that there would be no longer a Henley to chasten, to reward, to inspire.

When they called us his "young men" in the old fighting days they considered themselves to have said something mighty clever, and, indeed, they had spoken with a remarkable degree of truth. Most of us had certain ideals before he gave us his friendship; most of us had striven hard to get some mastery of the English language, and to see life as it is. But once a manuscript had been accepted—sometimes, even, when one had hitherto just failed to reach the standard of the *N. O.*—these efforts were more than redoubled, and one always had the sense of working with and for him. He has sometimes been talked of as arrogant and dictatorial, and indeed he held strong opinions, and on occasion expressed them forcefully. But there was never an editor who gave his men a freer hand or who had a more perfect trust in them. He knew that what was done for him was done as well as the writer could do it, and so, even when you had failed to please him, and he said so vigorously, you had something like a feeling of having been praised.

Once a little article had been written and sent in, when the author, thinking it over, decided that it needed to be suppressed. He wrote and asked to have it returned, and back it came. But Mr. Henley was not to be deprived, even thus, of the privilege of speaking out the thing that was in him. His letter opened, "I had intended to return the *Bank* in any case." Another opening was, "No, it is not worthy either of yourself or of the *N. O.*"

It has been reported of him that he used the blue pencil remorselessly. It is certainly true that the sight of anything written was apt to set him at the work of alteration, and it was the same with his own work as with that of his newest contributor. When he worked for other editors he sent back proofs which it cost as much to correct as it had done to set, and one has known a paper

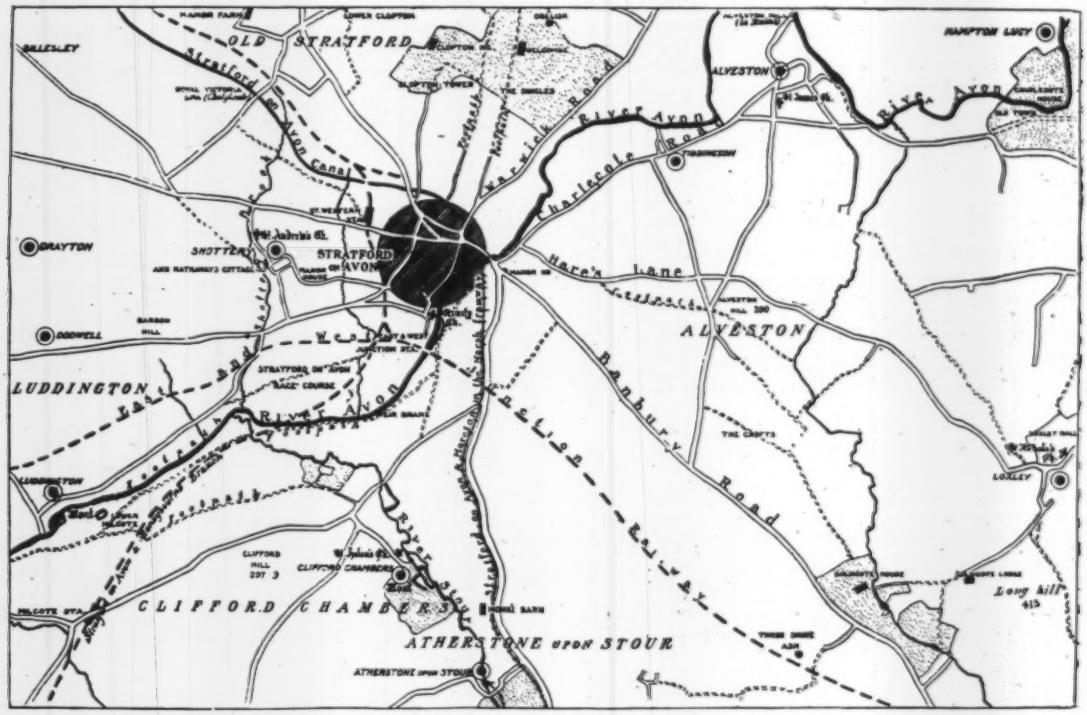
From the Jansen Portrait. **William Shakespeare.**

The Jansen portrait, which is said to hav been doubtfully identified as that of Shakespeare about the year 1770, when in the possession of Charles Jennens, was described as a beautiful painting of a very handsome man, refined, intellectual, full of sparkling energy and cleverness. The artist is not known, but as the picture was at one time supposed to have been the work of Cornelius Jansen, it was generally called by his name. No proof can be obtained, however, that Jansen visited England before Shakespeare's death.
Rischgitz Collection.

be huddled to press in a desperate hurry because it was guessed that he would send a telegram demanding a revise. When the end of the world had come for some of us and the *N. O.* had passed out of his hands, there was a dinner at Solferino's. When he rose to make his speech, he leaned forward over the table and looked deliberately round the room. Then he said that he did not see a single man with whose "copy" he had not taken great liberties, and that he did not propose to make any apology, because he was perfectly sure that his work had always justified it.

This was as true as any broad statement could be. Sometimes an article or story would be printed without a change. When this happened two or three times in succession, you were more than a little distressed if he altered you. One of his men used to stick the cuttings from the *N. O.* into an album, carefully recording the original versions of mutilated stories or articles. When he had been contributing for a couple of years, he was invited to add to the long list of books made up of stuff originally contributed to the *N. O.* When he was preparing the book for the press he carefully stuck to the Henley version, and now, ten years later ("I feel chilly, and grow old"), he is surer than ever that he was a prudent man.

There are editors who, though they love you well, and have plenty of use for your work, deem it discreet never



(Reproduced from H. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times," by kind permission of the author.)

Map of the Stratford District.

by any chance to praise you to your face, while, of course, they reserve to themselves the privilege of condemnation. Mr. Henley was always a busy man, and he was often prostrate with the severest physical pain. Yet you quickly arrived at an infallible way of judging whether your stuff was good; or, as you may have been inclined to think, below the level of your best. If it was good, you quickly received a letter of enthusiastic praise. Here is one such written in 1892, when the *N. O.* was still published in Edinburgh, to a man whom he had never met :—

"A line—which should have been written last week—to say that I think better of so-and-so—taken in every way—than of anything you've done. Also, that I hear naught but praise of it all round; which, indeed, is no more than its due. The other thing is very good too. You shall have a proof *quam primum*. Not yet, for I am very full of matter. The worst of it is that you cannot now afford to go back, but must make up your mind to do better and even better. That this will be your luck I do most heartily rejoice to believe.—Yours very sincerely,

W. E. H."

It seemed to the recipient then, as it seems to him now, that this letter was a most amazing exhibition of generosity. Also from the point of view of the writer and of the proprietor of the journal he conducted, the sending of such a letter was very good policy, because the man to whom it came one happy morning, in a grey, remote little town, where nobody (as it seemed to him) cared for art or letters, was at once desperately resolved to do yet better, and, indeed, never to let it be known in Thistle Street, Edinburgh, that he could occasionally do very much worse.

In a little bundle of letters addressed to one of his contributors there are many hardly less generous. For instance, a very short review of a book by a French writer who was then altogether unknown. Somehow or other his English *confrère* felt that this was a book he should read, and he said so in writing to Mr. Henley. He need not have troubled to write. By the first post next morning the book reached him, and when he had read it and spoken of it in a subsequent letter, Mr. Henley wrote in a postscript (he was given to these) : "In great haste. But I add that I hoped the book would be suggestive as well as useful. It is odd that in such-and-such a thing you anticipate (in a sense) his story of the three blackguards : a thing which (I can't help thinking) should help you." This was a curious case in which a young man in a remote part of England was writing stories which (as the book in question showed) might have been turned into French and signed with the name of a man of whom he had never heard, and who probably had never heard of him. In another case Mr. Henley was misled by such a coincidence into an injustice. A story had been written by one of his men in October, and published in the *N. O.* early in November, and a few weeks later another story, by another author, appeared in a widely-circulated journal. Mr. Henley wrote to the member of his staff, indignantly pointing out that there were strange resemblances, and that he had been robbed. There was certainly a remarkable likeness between the two, but there could have been no robbery, because, from the circumstance of its publication, it was absolutely certain that the story which had been written earliest was given to the world later than the other.

Once he had accepted your service, he was intensely

eager that you should do the best it was in you to do. In the letters which have been referred to, there are repeated references to certain proposed journeyings into foreign parts. "Is it to be Japan?" he wrote once in one of those hurried postscripts; and again, "I think that if I'd known I should have advised you to go to Spain. You see, you're at the age when observation is instinctive; so that the more you are by way of laying up experience, that becomes a part of yourself, and may presently be expressed in terms of art, the better is your chance in future years, and the more admirable the equipment you bring to the real business of life. Not that I think you have done any harm by refusing to go; on the contrary, you are full of these visions, and it is probably as well, now that you have a certain outlet, that you should work the vein and make what you can of the ore. Of course I speak not altogether disinterestedly, for I like your work, and I want the best you can give; but I feel bound to put the two courses before you in justice to both of us." In a postscript he writes, "Avoid all newspaper offices. They are short cuts to the Pit." Here is a hurried little note, which was written much later to a man who wanted to produce a certain book, but saw no way of doing so unless he obtained a commission. "A" is a literary agent; "B" a publisher. "All right. Tell A to tell B that I like the idea of the book, and strongly advise him to consider it. Also, that if he be so 'dispoged' I'll talk of it when next we meet. No more possible to-night."

These last two letters are characteristic in every word. It is to be supposed that he thought that one had been misguided in refusing to go wandering and abiding in a rather dull village. Yet when he must needs turn round and declare just as emphatically that you had done entirely right. The praise is like him, and so are the two postscripts.

Although a great many of his men eventually became journalists—there are at least six attached to one London newspaper—he hated the profession, and never failed to express himself on the subject with all the force that was in him. "I think it right, on the face of things, to dissuade you very strongly from entertaining the idea of going into a newspaper office, where you never have any spare time, and where whatever you have in you is precious soon washed, and mangled, and clear-starched, and ironed out of you."

Concerning the great sorrow of his life, one can say but little. One remembers a hot summer day at Addiscombe when a girl child answered when one rang. She was dressed in a thin frock of white silk (how one remembers!), and though she had the delicate grace and the beauty of a fairy, she had an almost comical likeness to her father. She looked on the visitor with "the serenest eyes," and evidently divined that he was another of the Uncles. So she led him to the library, and in a little while her father came in, and the two were soon deep in talk. She sat on a low stool in front of them, and moment by moment she went from one pretty attitude to another. For the man had come to suggest that certain things might be done for the paper, and some of them were stories. They were not

The Shakespeare Monument in Stratford-upon-Avon Church.

From a Photograph by Harold Baker.

This bust, which was sculptured by Gerard Johnson or one of his sons, was erected on the north side of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford before 1623.

"Shakespeare is represented as composing his works. The right hand holds a pen, while the left rests on a paper on the cushion. The effigy was originally painted in colours to resemble life. The face and hands were of a flesh colour; the eyes of a light hazel; the hair and the beard were auburn."—J. Parker Norris's "Portraits of Shakespeare."

(Reproduced from Harold Baker's "Stratford-on-Avon," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)

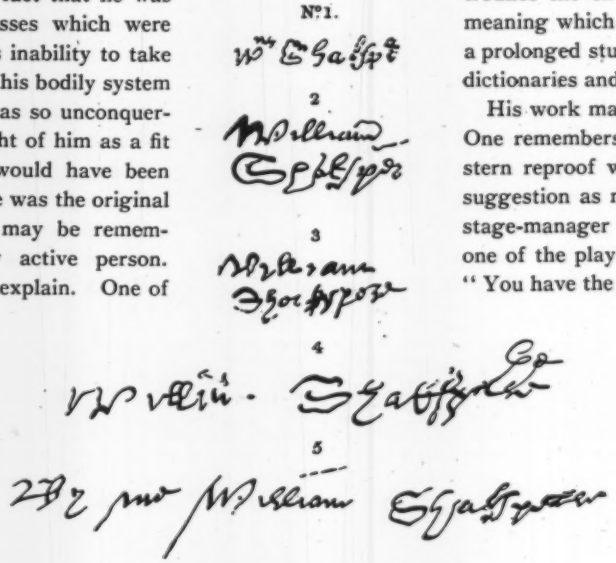
of the sort that she could by any chance understand, but she realised that they were stories, and she listened and listened.

There was sorrow in many hearts when it was told early in the week that she was ill. Two days later it was told us that the sickness was unto death, but she lived for many days, so that when the news of her passing came we had even a sorry kind of gladness.

Long afterwards, when he was editing the *New Review*, he was offered a set of stories about a child, and, although he was unable to accept them, the letter with which he rejected them was a reward for all one's labour. "The cycle brings me back the best years and the best memories in life. I know not if you had her in your mind when you did these stories. But there is much in them that is strangely and beautifully like, and for that reason alone I should be pleased with them."

Since his death there has been too much said about his physical disablement. It is certain that his life was

largely influenced by the fact that he was often prostrated by illnesses which were directly consequent on his inability to take the violent exercise which his bodily system required. But his soul was so unconquerable that one never thought of him as a fit subject for pity. That would have been the last impertinence. He was the original of John Silver, who, it may be remembered, was a singularly active person. Here is a fact which may explain. One of his men who had known him for twelve years, seeing him all too seldom, but spending most of his life in close contact with others of the gang, was amazed to read after his death that one of his legs was artificial. Men were glad to hear all that was to be told about Henley, and glad to tell anything they had of knowledge relating to him, and yet this man knew only that he had had an operation on his leg in Edinburgh Old Infirmary.



Shakespeare's Signatures.

These five signatures, which are the only authentic and undisputed specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting now extant, were appended by the poet to various documents:—

1. A mortgage deed of a house in Blackfriars, dated 1612-13.
2. Is taken from Mr. Malone's Plate II., No. X.
3, 4, 5. The Poet's will, executed in March, 1616. This document consisted of three sheets of paper, at the foot of each of which Shakespeare signed his name.

He had a sense of dramatic effect in life which was sometimes lacking in the plays in which he collaborated with Robert Louis Stevenson, and one remembers everything about him with a singular vividness. Once, for example, one had taken flowers to the house on a blithe day in April. He had been ill, and his diet was still regulated; but presently a door opened and he was there with his elbows squared to the doorposts, his great head thrust forward, a jest on his lips; and as he came to his place in the hall, where lunch was spread, one had only a sense of his power.

When we are old we shall recall the days of the *N. O.* with joy and pride. Surely there never were such fortunate men—or boys—as we. We had the gallantest captain that ever was, and, no matter how newly we had joined, we were sure of a patient hearing if ever we had advice to give. The campaign was carried on with vigour. Most of his men are glad to accept the dreadful charge of having been "hubristic" which was lately brought against them by the *Times*. For, if you believe that you are engaged in a fight against shams and mockeries, it is well that you should go into the engagement with vigour and trounce the enemy joyously. That is the meaning which one gives to the word after a prolonged study of the best of the English dictionaries and a final appeal to the Greek.

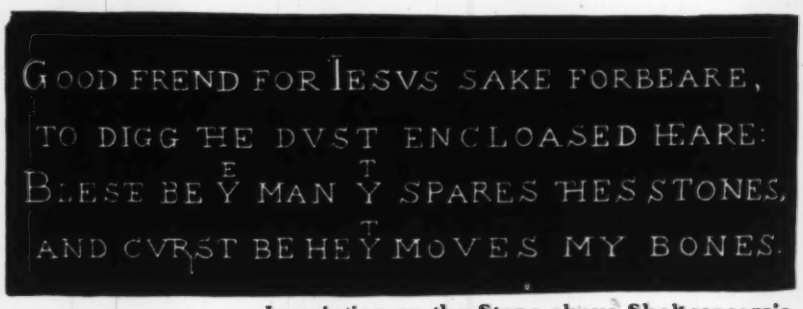
His work may be left to speak for itself. One remembers with a wicked delight his stern reproof when one made just such a suggestion as might have been made by a stage-manager with regard to a scene in one of the plays he wrote with Stevenson. "You have the imagination of the novelist, not that of the dramatist." Yet it was discovered subsequently that when this piece had been produced by his brother, E. S. Henley, this very device had occurred to that gifted actor and had been adopted. It seems certain that many of his poems will be found hereafter in all properly chosen anthologies of English verse. Among these is—

"Bring her again, O Western wind,
Over the Western sea.
Gentle, and good, and fair, and kind,
Bring her again to me.

Not that her fancy holds me dear,
Not that a hope may be—
Only that I may know her near,
Wind of the Western sea."

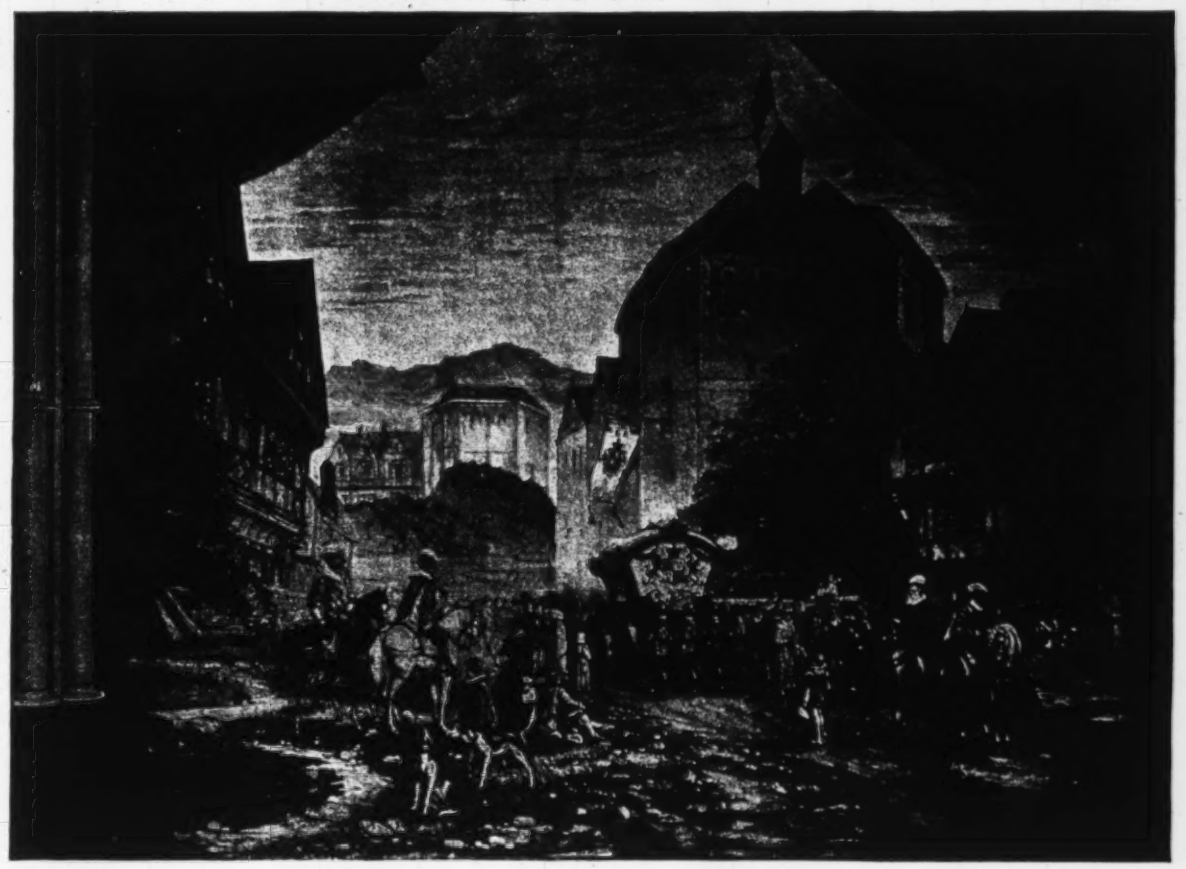
A man once took a copy of the first edition of the "Book of Verses," which he was pleased to have possessed since the day of its publication, long before Henley the poet became for him Henley the man. It was about the time when the controversy over the "Burns" ran highest, and talk turned on "definitive" versions of poems, and Henley said that the fact that you had a manuscript written by the poet long after the stuff was done did not prove that it was what he intended it to be. "You know yourself that you do a set of verses and alter and alter until you have done the best that you can. Then, long afterwards, somebody asks you to write it from memory, and you slip back to one of the earlier versions of your best line."

Presently he was asked to copy the poem that has been quoted above. He broke down in the first verse, and had to open the book and


GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HEY MOVES MY BONES.

Inscription on the Stone above Shakespeare's Grave in the Chancel of Stratford Church.

On Thursday, April 25 (O.S.), the poet was buried inside Stratford Church, near the northern wall of the chancel, in which, as part owner of the tithes, and consequently one of the lay-rectors, he had a right of interment.—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.



From a hitherto unpublished Photograph by H. Snowden Ward.

The Drop Scene at the Memorial Theatre.

The curtain representing Queen Elizabeth proceeding in state to the Globe Theatre was painted at the time of the opening of the Memorial Theatre.

read it. When he had finished it the man for whom it was copied protested. A single word had been altered in the sixth line, and the effect of the whole poem suffered greatly. Somebody who was sitting by laughed with the joy one has in certain kinds of special knowledge. "That was how it was when you had newly written it."

Literary Anecdotes.

The Late W. J. Thoms of "Notes and Queries."

THERE never was a more amiable antiquarian than W. J. Thoms. No one was more kind in imparting information or in lending his books. But he would never lend odd volumes. He insisted on your taking the whole set. To a friend who once wished to borrow a couple of volumes of Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," he said: "My dear ——, you must take them all. Then when you return them I shall have the work complete, and [smiling good-naturedly] if you forget to return them you will have a complete set." The same gentleman once mentioned to Thoms that he had some thoughts of publishing a little volume on Suppressed Books and Books placed on the Index. He pretended to be very much annoyed, declaring that he had thought of doing something in the same line. Next morning he sent his friend all the notes he had on the subject, with a few volumes from which he had intended to get further information, writing at the same time to say that he was too old to bring out anything new, and that he hoped his correspondent would undertake it in earnest. The friend returned him his parcel and also his own notes and books on the subject. Mr. Thoms was fond of saying that, though he could not have been quite three years old at the time, he had a distinct recollection of seeing Charles James Fox, and he used to add that he *believed* he remembered the traditional blue coat and buff waistcoat, but he could not be quite sure of that.

An Anecdote of Lord Macaulay.

A good service would be rendered by anyone who would collect the many Macaulayana scattered copiously here and there in magazines, journals, and books of memoirs. A little volume might be made which would supplement the biography most agreeably. Mr. Thoms had a story about a conversation he had with Lord Macaulay in the Library of the House of Commons. He mentioned to Lord Macaulay that he could not quite understand why Pope had satirised Dryden in the Dunciad. Lord Macaulay said that Mr. Thoms must be mistaken, and with his usual energy and eloquence (before an audience of a score of Peers) he spoke for nearly half an hour in support of his opinion, and proved beyond all doubt that it was impossible that Pope *could* or *would* have lampooned Dryden. Mr. Thoms had all this time a copy of the Dunciad in his pocket, with the page turned down at the passage. He was, however, much too kind and too well bred to produce the volume.

From the Painting by George Romney.

Shakespeare Nursed by Tragedy and Comedy.

Romney's chief undertakings in 1791 were his pictures for Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery," to which he contributed three works—one illustrating "The Tempest," and two allegorical compositions, the "Shakespeare Nursed by Tragedy and Comedy," and its companion picture, "The Infant Shakespeare Attended by the Passions." In the former he immortalised Lady Hamilton's loveliness, representing her as both "Tragedy" and "Comedy."

Robert Buchanan.

It may be worth noting that Messrs. Bentley announced in the *Athenæum* of October 17th, 1885, "Reminiscences of a Literary Career: An Autobiography," by Robert Buchanan, in two volumes, crown octavo, with portrait. The book was never published, for reasons which may easily be guessed, but Buchanan had a notion of writing an autobiography to the very end of his life.

Little Mary.

In connection with Mr. Barrie's new play, it may be noted that in a little volume, "Inverness before Railways," published in 1885, written by Miss I. H. Anderson, there is a striking portrait of Little Mary, the Gaelic nurse of one of the Highland Lairds. "She had dark hair and large, soft, melting black eyes. Her voice was singularly sweet, and when she murmured 'M' fheudal bhochd,' it fell like music on the ear."

Mr. Swinburne on Victor Hugo.

On October 31st, 1885, the *Athenæum* announced that Mr. Swinburne was engaged on a volume on Victor Hugo, and that Messrs. Chatto and Windus would publish it at an early date. The book never came out. Mr. Swinburne's first writings on Victor Hugo appeared in the *Spectator* as long ago as 1861. In his very entertaining autobiography, which is not, however, to be trusted entirely on points of literary history, C. H. Pearson says: "I came more successfully into competition with Swinburne as a reviewer of Victor Hugo. I took the first part of 'Les Misérables,' he the second. My praise was much more jealously measured out; but Victor Hugo himself preferred my article, ascertained from Louis Blanc that I was the author, and wrote to thank me for it." It is a great pity, by the way, that a selection of his *Spectator* articles was not substituted for the volume of contributions to Australian papers which Pearson's friends published after his death. His earlier style was very much superior to his later.

The Early History of the "Saturday Review."

C. H. Pearson in his autobiography gives one of the fullest accounts existing of the early history of the *Saturday Review*. Cook, the editor, found that while his proprietor, Mr. Beresford Hope, was Conservative and High Church, almost every young man of ability was a strong Liberal. To overcome this embarrassment, he kept the paper as much as possible out of theological controversy, employing the Liberals to write on the matters where they were most conservative, and the Conservatives on topics which they would treat liberally. For the rest, he had the art of explaining offending articles away in a confidential manner to whichever side was annoyed at them. Cook had great editorial tact, and pursued this course for years without actually provoking an explosion. But a schism took place amongst the contributors over "Essays and Reviews." The High Churchmen in the *Review*, backed by Mr. Beresford Hope, insisted that the paper was not to support Jowett and his colleagues. This blow at free thought exasperated those who had not condoned the journal's reactionary tone upon foreign politics, and a number of them met to discuss the propriety of establishing a rival review in the Liberal interest. Stephen, Grant Duff, Brodrick, Cunningham, Bowen, and Pearson were the chief confederates, and Sandars was chosen for editor. The capital was practically raised, and negotiations were going on with a leading firm of publishers when, to the surprise of the projectors, Sandars declined. Nothing came of the project. The confederates applied to the editors and joint proprietors of the *Spectator*, Townsend and Hutton, to see if a combination was possible, but they declined to surrender any portion of their control over the paper. Pearson then became a contributor to the *Spectator*, and in 1862 accepted the editorship of the *National Review*, which Hutton had just resigned. This connection lasted only a year—July, 1862, to July, 1863.

W. R. N.

New Books.

THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE.*

The recent publication of Mr. Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle" made this rejoinder necessary. It is a complete and satisfactory answer, clearly, calmly, and strongly written. It will have a permanent place in the Carlyle literature, and whoever takes account of it will not go far wrong in his judgment of the relations between Carlyle and his wife on the one hand, and Carlyle and his biographer on the other. It is natural to protest against the prolongation of a controversy involving so much that is delicate and painful, so much with which the public has no concern, but it was Froude first and his representatives later who made such a publication an imperative necessity for the guardians of Carlyle's honour. The critic may naturally regret that he has to deal with such charges, but his business is to sift the evidence and pronounce judgment. We shall take the various counts of the indictment against Froude and briefly summarise the evidence for each.

From the Painting by George Romney, now in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Infant Shakespeare attended by Nature and the Passions.

To the imagination of Romney we owe some remarkable and a few beautiful Shakespearean pictures; of which not the least remarkable is "The Infant Shakespeare Attended by Nature and the Passions." This picture was engraved by B. Smith, and published in 1799.

In the first place, Froude is charged with scandalous carelessness in his editorial and biographical work. There is no defence to this. Everyone admits that his habitual inaccuracy was exceeded in his whole treatment of the Carlyle documents.

Much graver is the charge that by manipulation of his evidence, designed or otherwise, he conveyed an essentially false impression of the relation between Carlyle and his wife. The accusation was formulated long ago by Professor Eliot Norton. Mr. Norton, the most careful of editors and the most scrupulous and restrained of critics, stated the case against Froude in his edition of the Early Letters of Carlyle. Sir James Crichton-Browne does well to reproduce part of Professor Norton's statement. Mr. Norton says: "The apparent disposition to represent in an unpleasant light the character and conduct of Carlyle, as well as of Miss Welsh and her mother, which marks Mr. Froude's narrative, is displayed in many minor disparaging statements so made as to avoid arousing suspicion of their having little or no foundation, and arranged so as to contribute artfully to the general effect of depreciation." He adduces many specific instances, and sums up: "Such is the treatment that the most sacred parts of the lives of Carlyle and his wife received at the hands of his trusted biographer! There is no need, I believe, to speak of it in the terms it deserves. The lives of Carlyle and his wife are not represented as they were in this book of Mr. Froude's." This exceedingly grave charge brought forward by an eminent man of letters, and supported by documentary evidence, was made in 1886. Froude was alive to meet it, but made no attempt to reply either at the time or in the pamphlet which has lately been published. With reference to Professor Norton's charges against Froude, the *Athenæum* (Nov. 6th, 1886) said: "The charges are very grave indeed, and as Froude in his letter to the *Times* makes no answer to these statements, it must be assumed that he allows judgment to go by default." What Froude could not do for himself, it may safely be said no one else can possibly do. The evidence that Froude so handled the documents as to give an essentially false view both of Carlyle and his wife is absolutely conclusive. If this is granted, as it must be granted, to Sir James Crichton-Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle, who are responsible for this book, their case is gained.

The new charges made in "My Relations with Carlyle" are not fit for public discussion. There is an entry in Mrs. Carlyle's diary which runs as follows: "26 June. Nothing to record to-day but two blue marks on the wrist." This is all. The entry was included by Carlyle himself, and Froude declares that the blue marks were inflicted on Mrs. Carlyle by her husband in a fit of passion. For this there is no evidence but that of Miss Jewsbury. There is also the charge of incapacity. This accusation is almost invariably whispered against eminent men who happen to be childless. In this case all the refutation which can possibly be supplied is given by Sir James Crichton-Browne briefly and delicately. He says: "Miss Ann Carlyle Aitken and Miss Margaret Carlyle Aitken, now living in Dumfries, recall that twice whilst at Craigenputtock Mrs. Carlyle consulted their mother, the late Mrs. Aitken, about her maternal hopes, which alas! came to naught; and the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, when on her aunt's death she became her uncle's companion, was much touched to find in a drawer at Cheyne Row a little bundle of baby clothes made by Mrs. Carlyle's own hands." What more can be said? Even without this conclusive testimony the whole drift and tone of the correspondence between Carlyle and his wife make Froude's statements incredible.

What is to be said about the motives of Froude's treachery to friendship and to honour? He betrayed as no other biographer has ever betrayed the sacred confidences of the man who trusted him. As Goldwin Smith wrote in 1883: "If you had asked Walter Scott to edit what Mr. Froude has edited, and suggested to him the pretexts for compliance which are complacently pleaded by Mr. Froude, you would have received a brief and proud reply." Mrs. Oliphant, who from her Scotch upbringing, keen feminine perception, and intimate acquaintance with Carlyle and his wife was exceptionally qualified to judge, has said: "No woman of this generation or of any other we are acquainted with, has had such desperate occasion to be saved from her friends; and public feeling and sense of honour must be at a low ebb indeed when no one ventures to stand up and to stigmatise as it deserves this betrayal and exposure of the secret of a woman's weakness, a secret which throws no light upon anything, which does not add to our knowledge either of her character or her husband's, and with which the public have nothing whatever to do." Will the mere lack of good sense and good feeling sufficiently explain Froude's conduct? No one was fonder of dallying with delicate secrets than the historian of Henry

* "The Nemesis of Froude." A Rejoinder to J. A. Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle." By Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., and Alexander Carlyle. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

The Comedy of Errors.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Ant. of E.: What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Officer: Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
—"The Comedy of Errors," Act IV., Scene 4.

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VIII. But there is much to suggest that Froude had real or fancied wrongs to avenge, and that he took his opportunity. But in the nature of the case the exact truth on this point is inaccessible. On the dispute as to the ownership of the Carlyle papers, it need only be said that Froude's biography of Carlyle was incomparably the best paid of his works. Sir James Crichton-Browne has dealt with Geraldine Jewsbury justly, but with restraint. She is a witness who cannot at any point be trusted. It is inevitable that some day the literary historians should record the extraordinary outbreak of George Sandism amongst the literary people of the early fifties. There are many hints scattered here and there, but the full truth has never been spoken in print. Mrs. Carlyle had no religion, but her Puritanic upbringing saved her from more than a scornful interest in the phenomenon. Mentally Geraldine Jewsbury was much more affected. Her correspondence has been edited to such a degree that it is largely unintelligible, but much may be read between the lines, and there is other evidence in abundance which it may be hoped will never see the light. In spite of all Froude's efforts, the nobility of Carlyle and his wife and the closeness and tenderness of their relations are too clear to be mistaken. They have been properly apprehended and delicately set forth in this volume.

THE À BECKETTS OF "PUNCH."

The cult of *Punch* appears to be growing: yet another volume tells of its birth and its inner life. Like the Royal Academy, the paper has had to sustain the attacks of many critics, and has been the subject of several minor historians; and like the Academy, it goes placidly on, popular with the majority, offering a solid, imperturbable front to all assailants. Not that the book of Mr. Arthur à Beckett is primarily a history of the paper; nor is it anything but a friendly and an affectionate comment upon the journal of which he was for many years a leading light. It is above all things a charmingly dutiful tribute to the memory of his father and his brother, an engaging—I had almost said a touching—act of piety testifying at once to the admiration in which he holds them and the veneration and the love he bore them. At the same time, it is an interesting autobiography, with many little blank spaces left to be filled up, no doubt, at some future time. The reminiscences are many and entertaining, as the numerous readers of *John Bull* can testify—for a portion of the book (notably "Some Nights at Round Tables") has been read in serial form in the columns of our latest comic paper, the genesis and development of which are presented with considerable detail in the volume before us.

Mr. à Beckett tells the story of his father's literary life, and claims for him the credit of being one of the "founders" of *Punch*. In a sense no doubt he was; but as Henry Mayhew wrote to Landells (here misprinted "Randall"), with whom the idea of *Punch* originated, in a letter which has passed through my hands, that he could secure the valuable services of Gilbert à Beckett, and as the other documents upon which I based my chapter in the "History of *Punch*" represent the distinguished humorist as having been called in after the inception of the paper, he was scarcely a "founder" in the fullest significance of the word. Yet it may fairly be claimed that he was the most practical of all the journalists who shaped the paper at the start, and as he contributed to the first number ("Songs for the Sentimental") Mr. à Beckett's claim on his father's behalf would not be altogether unreasonable; but to argue that he was "the originator of *Punch*" is, I think, to take too exclusive a view.

Mr. à Beckett's own working life has been full of variety, and reveals a journalist of the pleasantest type, a man of imagination, industry, kindliness, and humour, with a touch of

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw.

The Duke and Valentine.

Duke: Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.
Valentine: Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke: How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? *To Silvia!*
—"Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act III., Scene 1.

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* "The à Becketts of *Punch*: Memories of Father and Sons." By Arthur William à Beckett. (A. Constable and Sons.)

that—"egotism" must I call it, for want of a more expressive word?—which is the mark of forceful individuality and personality. As an editor of journals, comic and serious, as novelist, playwright, barrister, and militia officer, he has seen much of life, and his brightness of observation, his sense of the ridiculous, and love of laughter have coloured his amiable outlook upon the world. His adventures as a boy editor, his conduct of the *Glow-worm* and the *Tomahawk*, the record of his connection with *Punch*, and the picture of the social and journalistic aspect of the Wednesday dinners, make capital entertainment.

It will surprise most readers to see with what hot denunciation he treats the sally of Alfred Bunn, "A Word with *Punch*"—and, still more, what a knock-down blow the lampoon appears to have been to his greatly respected father, who was by that time a magistrate. Undoubtedly it was scurrilous, malicious, and cruel. But is nothing to be said in Bunn's defence? It is quite true that the poetaster-manager wrote many "really absurd lyrics," as Mr. à Beckett says; but it must be remembered that he wrote for the sentimental music of the day, and that his little lyrics, "When other Lips and other Hearts," "The Light of other Days," and so on, were enormously popular, and are not even now forgotten, and that, besides, Bunn was a serious lecturer and writer, and that he was an impressario in whose undertakings great risks were involved. Mr. à Beckett admits that "it was the tradition 'to pitch into Bunn.'" For years Gilbert Abbott à Beckett had "chaffed" him, and when Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and Thackeray joined in the sport—although they may have intended no injury—Bunn could only come to regard the "chaff" as injurious persecution, likely to inflict severe losses in his managerial enterprise on himself and his friends. Scurrility in itself is indefensible; but Bunn wished to stop the long-suffered annoyance once for all, and he acted on the formula of those days, "When a journalist attacks you, drag him out by name and say all you know against him." It was gross, but it was efficacious, for after that he was left alone; and while we sympathise with the victims of his outrageous onslaught, we must still marvel that such a man as Gilbert à Beckett, whom history declares to have been all gentleness, kindliness, and sense, but who had been a powerful, often a stinging, satirist from the beginning, should have allowed himself to be so affected by Bunn's retaliation. For after all, this retaliation was essentially and admittedly in the nature of self-protection, not of gratuitous attack.

This word "attack," by the way, is often too lightly used. Mr. à Beckett himself employs it to describe the following sentence, which he challenges in my book upon *Punch*: "After the death of Tom Taylor, Mr. Burnand, who had been acting-editor in his last illness, was called upon to take up the task of restoring to *Punch* its ancient reputation for liveliness and fun." Can these words justly be called an "attack" that "is scarcely fair"? If so, we are becoming very gentle in these later days, and inoffensive criticism will be hard indeed. Notwithstanding, I cannot but maintain that, in spite of many brilliant literary things which made his reign remarkable, Tom Taylor's editorship produced the dullest period through which *Punch* up to that time had passed. Mr. à Beckett tells us that "Thackeray hated Lytton—of course on his literary merits." That, I think, goes a little beyond the point. Thackeray certainly hated Lytton's "airs," and loved to satirise his affectations in *Punch* by referring to him as "E.L.B.L.B.L.B.B.L.L.B.B.B.", and, writing as an illiterate correspondent, inquires whether the author's name, after its many changes, is now "Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer," or "Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton," or "Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George," or "Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Lytton Earl," adding, "we doant whish to be

After the Painting by M. W. Peters, R.A., for the Boydell Shakespeare.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. . . . Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall.—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II., Scene 1.

hanswered in joax, but *seriatim* in ernest." But the two men became fast friends, and I have seen a letter from Thackeray to Bulwer, heartily congratulating him on his latest performance, for which he had a sincere admiration. Mr. à Beckett's anecdote in illustration of the deafness of Lytton, insensible of the discharge of the big gun, is interesting to any who have followed the development of *Punch's* humour, for the incident, I may remind the reader, formed the subject of one of Charles Keene's drawings; just as the story here told of Gilbert à Beckett's innocent remark, that his host's '27 port "works out at two shillings a bottle," will be recognised by students of *John Bull*. Again, Mr. à Beckett declares that Keene was sometimes a little mysterious in his jokes: "there was one about Westminster, which to this day remains unsolved." Not unsolved. The "joke" was originally told by Mr. John R. Clayton to Keene, with a warning that it was unsuitable for use in *Punch*, and that its aroma would be lost before it could reach the public. Yet Keene insisted, and it is true that many did not understand it; for the jest lay only in the ridiculous *non sequitur* of a 'bus-conductor's reply to a fare who had resented his cry of "West-min-i-ster"—and had told him there was no "i" before the "ster," and received the absurd retort, "Then what's the use of the W?" The absurdity touched the hearer, but the reader generally missed it. Mr. à Beckett, too, refers to the unique contribution proffered by Charles Dickens to *Punch*, which Mark Lemon "rejected!" That is so; but the fact might have been explained that it was "not used" (a better expression than rejected) because there was already much text in type as well as illustrations on the self-same subject—the water-famine in London. Indeed, some had been used in the previous week. The "document" which Mr. à Beckett mentions as having shown me in Malvern, if further described, might have made the text for an amusing discussion; but these remarks have already exceeded the limit.

It is matter for regret to me that I should have here to write so much in the first person; but Mr. à Beckett has referred to me and cited me so frequently throughout his pages, withal with such characteristic courteousness and kindliness, that I have found unavoidable an appearance of egotism in dealing with my friend's book. This book, it need not be said, is a welcome contribution to its subject, and is a kindly homage to his talented kinsmen—and himself.

M. H. Spielmann.

MORE LETTERS OF PRINCE BISMARCK.*

Everything that the Iron Prince touched bears on it his sign-manual—a lion's paw. Nevertheless, we learn from this correspondence very little; and, with a childlike faith in his readers, the unknown editor takes for granted that they are past masters in European history during the half-century in question. Who Bismarck was, where born and brought up, what doing at Frankfort in 1852-59, or at St. Petersburg in 1859-61, if we happen not to know, the editor will not tell us. "O for one hour of Carlyle!" we murmur as the pages turn, and the story flies with them, and hardly so much as an index guides us to the names in which we take an interest. Call you this editing, Mr. Heinemann? It is a feast of scraps, served anyhow, without a menu, at which we are left to fish out for ourselves what comes first, not to the praise of our own temper or of the maître d'hôtel. Was there not the Encyclopædia Britannica to be got on the instalment system?

As for translation, let us be indulgent, mindful that we may have some day ourselves to render German out of its bearskin into English lamb's wool. And yet, there was really no need of all those particles. In English we say, "Address as usual"; this would run in every German classic, "As aforesaid, until the undersigned has the honour of writing once more, his home-number still as always, without change except contingently, remains at your gracious Lordship's all so kind service." On this plan the translator moves. I open Vol. I. at random: it is a letter of Manteuffel to Bismarck, Nov. 23, 1851, and I read, "The serious side of the intercourse with Austria is that as far as its power reaches no dependence can be placed on it, and it is always ready to play *va banque*. This must not, however, restrain us from opposing Austria when such an attitude is considered permissible and advisable; but a certain reserve should be adopted, by means of which one would lose no more than when a prudent, moderately well-to-do man declines to be a party to a transaction proposed to him by a great spendthrift." I break off; there is more, but my pen, lately accustomed to French vivacities, refuses to transcribe it. With stupor I reflect that this was diplomacy, matter and form, fifty years back, ciphered, deciphered, printed in German type, done into English (if the above sentences be English) and,—last stroke of all,—sent to Bismarck! Leading-strings for a pretty baby in a go-cart! However, what the grammarian remarks is this. Leave out every other clause, the sense will lose nothing, the style gain much. Leave the whole out, what difference will it make to history? adds the critic. When these two volumes undergo distillation, perhaps three ounces of pure spirit survive. It is all Bismarck's, of course. No other man of genius, except Von Roon perhaps, appears in this long train of Ministers, Junkers, diplomatists, princes, and high well-born nonentities, who pass across the stage, reciting prayers from the Almanach de Gotha. Whatever history they made lies outside this collection, which I do not hesitate to call sweepings from the waste-paper basket of the German Chancellor.

Half-pages we meet, torn across, but worth glancing over. The King, afterwards Emperor, William I. is touchingly stupid, but good-hearted, like the big grenadier whom a tiny officer is thrashing, in Thackeray's illustrations to "Barry Lyndon." He consults Bismarck as an oracle, tells him his dreams, laments the growth of heterodoxy, cries in a dreadful fright when the strong man threatens to resign, sends him decorations by the yard, and is simple as a German Sonntag's-kind when Fortune crowns him with Imperial diadems at the Versailles of Louis Quatorze. We like him, we trust his sublime stupidity. On the other hand, in Bismarck there is always the something we cannot define which was in Cromwell—the very snuffle of the Puritan recalls it—and we suspect a fathomless depth of duplicity, not to be filled up by Evangelical tracts in cartloads. The Prince, we learn, ordered this correspondence to be published as exhibiting the unique relation which bound him to his august master. It achieves its purpose; and, as it also includes strokes at Queen Victoria, the Emperor Frederick, and one or two more royal persons, it casts a powerful light on Bismarck's own temperament. He could be fascinating; he was not amiable. At the same time, his real magnitude may be measured in a sentence which, without an index, I am unable to quote verbatim; it comes, however, to this, that while genius can devise and execute great things, it has not energy left to persuade mediocrities that they should give it a free hand. The double task was too much, even for a seven-foot Hercules from Pomerania. His nerves suffered; and we need not imagine that the prostration was always diplomatic. He falsified Schiller's verse about die Dummheit; but at what a cost?

Of unconscious humour, in a correspondence between the feudal lords who fancied they were governing Europe, and who thought Democracy came from Johnson's "first Whig," there is naturally abundance. Look for it whenever decorations are mentioned, and Court festivals. In another kind is a delicious morsel, which we extract from Prince Frederick Karl's letter to the Chancellor, on the outbreak of war against Austria, dated Görlitz, June 17th, 1866. He had broken into Saxony, and he writes, "Gen. Count Bismarck (your cousin) will set out to-morrow with a regiment of the Blücher Hussars and of the First Pomeranian Lancers, for a three days' expedition towards Dresden, to circulate false reports, to take possession of public money, to affix everywhere my proclamations to the Saxons breathing peace and love, and to let Prussians be seen everywhere."

And there are those who say humour is extinct!

* "The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck." With other Letters. Translated by J. A. Ford. Two Volumes. 20s. (Heinemann.)

WHIBLEY ON THACKERAY.*

There is no doubt that the popularity of Thackeray is increasing by leaps and bounds. A certain section of the public has always been faithful to the author of "Esmond," but every day fresh adherents are crowding round the stan-

* "William Makepeace Thackeray." By Charles Whibley. Modern English Writers. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

After the Painting by J. Forbes Robertson, Esq.

Benedick: This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero: True! O God!
Claudio: Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Leonato, Hero, and Claudio.

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leonato: All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claudio: Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power

(Reproduced by special permission of the artist and Sir Henry Irving.)

Much Ado about Nothing.

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leonato: I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero: O God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

—"Much Ado About Nothing," Act IV., Scene 1.

Love's Labour's Lost.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw.

Winter.

When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
—Act V., Scene 2.

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dard of the great novelist of the nineteenth century. Looking back, it seems as if Mrs. Ritchie's Biographical Introduction to an edition of her father's works, and "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," both published in 1899, gave an impetus to the movement. Certainly, they afforded much food for discussion. Interest in Thackeray having been stimulated, various collections of the lesser known writings of the great man appeared in quick succession—"Contributions to *The National Standard* and *The Constitutional*," "Stray Papers," and "The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions to *Punch*." Publishers soon realised there was a demand for Thackeray's works, and within the last two or three years several editions, each possessing some special feature, have been offered to the public. Messrs. Nelson issued a thin paper edition, Messrs. Dent two editions, illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock, and Messrs. Macmillan the first absolutely complete edition of Thackeray's writings and drawings; and at this moment there are in preparation by other firms a library edition, an edition *de luxe*, and a "millionaire's edition." Contributions to the reviews upon the various aspects of Thackeray are of frequent occurrence, and it rarely happens that a month passes without the publication in England or America of a paper treating of Thackeray as novelist or essayist, as lecturer or poet, as artist or art-critic, as moralist or cynic or humourist. This tends to prove that Thackeray, once the spoiled darling of the cultured, has now found favour in the eyes of the great mass of educated readers. The change was for a long time so slight as to be almost imperceptible, but during the last few years it has been so rapid, that it is well to pause for a moment to consider what is Thackeray's place in literature—according to the new and somewhat altered view.

Mr. Charles Whibley's long-promised monograph on Thackeray has at last been published, and there is no doubt it will be very widely read. Mr. Whibley has won his spurs as an author with "Studies in Frankness," "A Book of Scoundrels," and other volumes pleasant to read; and he has already proved himself a clear-sighted and erudite critic, whose opinions are usually sound and frequently suggestive. Indeed, Messrs. Blackwood may be congratulated upon having induced him to write the Thackeray volume of their excellent "Modern English Writers" series.

Mr. Whibley is not to be blamed because he has nothing new to say concerning Thackeray's life. The life of a man of letters is usually devoid of incident, and though in this particular instance there are some special features of interest, it is highly improbable that there is anything to say that has not been said over and over again. Thackeray's first biographer was John Camden Hotten, and his book was verily a thing of shreds and patches. Later, Anthony Trollope outlined Thackeray's career with no sympathetic pen, but perhaps with more truth than is generally admitted, and then followed Messrs. Hermann Merivale and Frank T. Marzials' monograph, Mrs. Ritchie's Biographical Introductions, and "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray." It is to be expected that at some remote date, and perhaps by some writer

From a Drawing by Walter Crane.

The Tempest.

Boatswain: Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and Others.*

Alonso: Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
Boatswain: I pray now, keep below.
Antonio: Where is the master, boson?
Boatswain: Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.
Gonzalo: Nay, good, be patient.
Boatswain: When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

(Reproduced from "The Temple Shakespeare for Schools," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

After the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

Titania and Bottom.

Titania: Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bottom: Where's Pease-blossom?
Pease-blossom: Ready.
Bottom: Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?
Cobweb: Ready.

Rischgitz Collection.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Bottom: Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act IV., Scene 1.

as yet unborn, an "official" biography will appear—but even such a work will contain little that is unknown, save, possibly, some hitherto unprinted letters. Mr. Whibley's book, therefore, is interesting chiefly as a critical review.

It has been stated so frequently and with such persistence that Thackeray's style is as near perfection as is humanly possible, that Mr. Whibley's remark that he is far from satisfied with that style has the effect of a cold douche. "His words flow like snow-water upon the mountain-side. He could no more restrain the current of his prose than a gentle slope could turn a rivulet back upon its course. His sentences dash one over the other in an often aimless succession, as though impelled by a force independent of their author," he remarks; and he complains that Thackeray possessed no economy of speech, and that he never used one word if a page and a half could adequately express the meaning. It is impossible to contradict the critic. Thackeray did amble along, often almost aimlessly, and he did pile up mountains of words without getting any "forrader"; just as he only too frequently interrupted what slight thread of story there was to interject little essays germane to the narrative. These objections from a lesser man than Mr. Whibley might be dismissed as a protest against novels without plots; but Mr. Whibley is himself too capable an artist to mean only this. He is angry, and his anger is aroused by the feeling that Thackeray did not do his best. He is regretful—and his regret occasionally turns almost to bitterness—because he realises if only Thackeray had been able to write more leisurely, and had not been compelled to live from hand to mouth, as it were, the novelist would have told a better story, and would have more carefully penned the pages in which it was unfolded. "That turning back to the old pages," Thackeray wrote in a Roundabout Paper, "produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Ah, the sad old pages, the dull old pages!" The critic admits that Thackeray's style is graphic, various, and at times eloquent; and he instances several passages that entitle Thackeray to a high place among English writers—much of "Esmond," Harry Warrington's first visit to England, Denis Duval's journey to London, Barry Lyndon's famous defence of play, and the Waterloo chapters of "Vanity Fair," which end: "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." After all, Thackeray's style at its worst was equal to that of any contemporary novelist; at its best it has been excelled by none.

Mr. Whibley points out that Thackeray's contemporaries believed he was something more than a novelist—a social regenerator; and that Thackeray regarded himself as a moralist. Thackeray never wrote a novel with a purpose, such as "Nicholas Nickleby," or "Man and Wife," or "It is Never too Late to Mend," for he was too great an artist to make that fatal blunder; but he regarded himself as a latter-day "sad and weary, splendid King Ecclesiast," crying his sermon from the modern equivalent of the Mount of Hermon. "[Thackeray] the moralist was so tight-bound to the superstitions of his age, that he will probably never appear as great as he did to some of his contemporaries," says Mr. Whibley. But Thackeray preached no new lesson. He would have women good and pure, and men honourable and brave, and he would have parents respect their children even as the children should respect their parents. Success is but little, he said, for the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and the great may be overthrown, and the lackey exalted. Be good, be reverent, he repeated, and come good or ill, be each, pray God, a gentleman. Surely this simple, homely sermon is independent of the superstitions of any age, and will last, as the preacher put it, until the Finite comes to an end and the Infinite begins. Mr. Whibley is on firmer ground when he asserts that there were always two men in Thackeray, the sentimental moralist, and "the keen eyed ironist, for whom life was an amusing game, whose rules were independent of virtue, and in which the scoundrel was most often victorious." The ironist was sometimes defeated by the sentimentalist, sometimes by the moralist, but when he could have his way unfettered, he drew Barry Lyndon—and in his heart of hearts often admired the knave—and portrayed Becky with more pleasure than the Amelia for whom Dobbin waited too long. *A propos* of "Vanity Fair," Mr. Whibley insists that the logical end of the book is Rawdon Crawley's appointment to the Governorship of Coventry Island, and that the re-gathering of the threads is a wanton and tedious operation. There is something to be said for this view, only then we should have lost the chapters *Am Rhein* and the picture of Becky in her *dégringolade*, which most of us would not miss but with deep regret.

Sir Henry Irving as Shylock.

From a Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart.
—"Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Scene 1.

Mr. Whibley writes with enthusiasm of Thackeray as a creator of character. There are few novelists who have such a gallery of characters as can be collected from Thackeray's stories. Think of those universally known. Becky and her husband Rawdon, Major Pendennis, Mirobolant, Costigan, Foker, "J. J.," Madam d'Ivry, Mons. le Prince de Moncontour (better known as M. de Florac), Beatrix Esmond, wonderful as a girl, marvellous as an old lady—the catalogue might be continued almost indefinitely. How truly they are described, how minutely, how humanly, and also how humanely. They are more real to many of us, better known to many of us, than the people of flesh and blood we meet every day. Mr. Whibley treats of Thackeray as lecturer, attacking almost with virulence the lecture on Swift; as art critic; and, of course, as novelist and essayist. Strangely enough, however, he says no word of Thackeray as the writer of verse; this is surprising, for, though by no means a great poet, Thackeray wrote many charming ballads. His rhymes were often appalling, his metre not always perfect; but he wrote the fine martial "Chronicle of the Drum," the charming "Peg of Limavaddy," the quaint "Lyra Hybernica," and the pathetic "Mahogany Tree," and "Bouillabaisse." These alone give him a place among the "lighter" poets, and there can be little doubt that his ballads will be more widely read and his reputation as a writer of verse be considerably enhanced. Again, though Mr. Whibley mentions that Thackeray studied art, he does not anywhere refer to him as an artist, or as the illustrator of his own works. Opinions differ as to Thackeray's artistic capabilities, and this is not the occasion upon which to enter into a discussion, but surely, whatever he lacked in technique, he made up for in quaint fancy and humorous design, and as an illustrator contrived most successfully to make the drawing and the letterpress together tell the story. Mr. Whibley agrees with the critics who have preceded him that "Lovel the Widower" may be disregarded; that "Philip," though built upon an ampler scale, is almost tedious, and frequently shows the weariness of the hand that penned it; and that in "Denis Duval" he recovered his old mastery and displayed his old style—but "Denis Duval," which bade fair to rank with "Esmond," is, alas! but a fragment. Thackeray will go down to posterity as the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," of "Barry Lyndon" and the inimitable "Esmond," the greatest historical novel written by an Englishman; as the most humorous of nineteenth century novelists, and as the lineal descendant in letters of the man before whom he bent the knee, Henry Fielding.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER LOVE AFFAIRS.*

In Major Martin Hume's opinion only one reason can be advanced for producing a new book on the Queen of Scots; and that, of course, is the reason which has prompted and impelled him. "Her supremely interesting personality has so frequently led her historians into the by-path of inquiry as to her virtue or vice, as to have obscured to some extent, the reasons for her disastrous political failure." That failure, he thinks, did not spring from her goodness or badness as a woman, but from certain human weaknesses of character, quite compatible with general goodness and wisdom or with the reverse; and by these weaknesses she was fatally handicapped. The great object, he holds, which she set before herself was, to become Queen of England as well as of Scotland, and to bring back both countries to the obedience of

* "The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots: A Political History." By Martin Hume. 12s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)

All's Well that Ends Well.

Bertram and Helena.

Helena: My imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
—"All's Well that Ends Well," Act I., Scene 1.

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that Church against which they had openly and successfully rebelled. Political courtship was the favourite weapon with which her great rival, Queen Elizabeth, parried the dangers by which she was so long menaced; but Mary tried to play "Elizabeth's cunning game without Elizabeth's peculiar advantages, and the disaster that fell upon her cause was the direct result of this mistake." The task which Major Hume has set himself in this volume is to tell the story of the marriage intrigues by which she hoped to compass her great ambition. Being specially anxious to deal with her as a politician, he has avowedly tried to keep her womanly qualities —good and bad—as much as possible in the background; but in this attempt he has not been quite successful, and his book is none the less interesting on that account. Like all others who have closely studied Mary's exciting career, he has felt the power, if he has not come under the spell, of her personal fascination; and thus it is that her qualities frequently come to the front in spite of him.

"Beauty and other feminine perfections," he says, "she must needs have possessed—a lovely hand, a sweet voice, caressing grace and ready tears"; but, the contemplation of her portraits has convinced him that it was not by her physical beauty alone that she exercised such a marvellous influence over the men who came within her sphere. The charms of her face were reinforced to an extraordinary degree by the fascination which "sets men's hearts aflame, and sends the hot blood surging up to blind the judgment." There must have been something in her expression or manner, he thinks, which inspired men with sexual passion rather than with high-minded devotion or fear of her. Curiously enough, he attributes the wondrous sympathy, which she always excited in her distress, to the essential selfishness which pervaded her pathetic lamentations. Yet, comparing her with Elizabeth, he regards her as, in most respects, possessed of a much finer and nobler nature—of higher courage, greater conviction, more generous, magnanimous, and confiding. In mental endowments she equalled if she did not excel Elizabeth; but lacked her saving caution and love of mastery; and was "periodically swept away, helplessly and irremediably, by the irresistible rush of her purely sexual passion." In his estimate of Mary there is nothing novel, except, perhaps, in the point concerning her selfishness—a point which her admirers will not willingly concede, but which he has amply illustrated.

Of the eleven chapters into which the volume is divided, the first is introductory, the next two deal with her life in France, the following seven are devoted to her life in Scotland, and the last to her caged career in England. Ample details are given of the causes and circumstances which led up to, and of the results which followed, her three marriages—with the Dauphin, with Darnley, and with Bothwell. Abundant details are also given of the fruitless negotiations for marrying her, while she was a queen-regnant, to Don Carlos, to the Arch-Duke of Austria, and to others; and, while a prisoner, to Norfolk, and Don John of Austria. For the accomplishment of such a work as this, Major Hume is singularly well qualified by his previous studies, and especially by his editorial labours on the valuable and copious "Calendar of Spanish State Papers," though occasionally one can hardly help thinking that he is sometimes apt to be unduly swayed by the phase which events assumed in those Spanish documents. He has, of course, also drawn largely upon Labanoff's "*Recueil*"; the "Calendar of Foreign State Papers," edited by Stevenson and Crosby; on the "Calendar of Hatfield Manuscripts"; and on Bain's "Calendar of Scottish Papers." He has not, however, always availed himself so fully as he might have done of other contemporary sources. For example, from beginning to end of his book he never makes the slightest reference to Father Pollen's "Papal Negotiations." Had he looked into that recent work, he would not have adopted the long-received opinion that the papal dispensation for Mary's marriage with Darnley arrived by the 22nd of July, a week before the marriage; for Father Pollen has shown that it was not granted at Rome before the 14th of August, probably not until the 24th of September. Nor does he always use the best editions of the old accounts which he cites as authorities. Thus it is that he represents Sir James Melville as saying that Bothwell's "speech before the gentlewomen at supper was so filthy that he (Melville) and they left him." Had he consulted the Bannatyne or Maitland Club edition of "Melville's Memoirs," he would have found that the narrative does not blacken Bothwell quite so much, for it does not imply that any women were present on the occasion.

The genuineness or spuriousness of the casket-letters is not, in Major Hume's opinion, a question of the greatest importance. Personally he is apparently inclined to regard the letters as partly genuine, and partly forged, and prefers to rely on unquestioned facts. "If Mary wrote every line of the letters," he says, "it would prove that she was a heartless lascivious wanton, who had forgotten mercy and humanity in her adulterous passion; but it would not make her one whit more morally guilty of Darnley's death than we know her to have been from the irresistible logic of facts and probabilities." Again, he says, "she knew that the lords were banded together to kill her husband, and she brought him out of safety, as she alone was able to do, and placed him within reach of his destroyers." It is proved, he thinks, that her amours with Bothwell "were fairly well known" before she went to Glasgow to bring Darnley to Kirk-of-Field. He believes that she

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The Winter's Tale.

Leontes and Hermione.

Leontes: Is he won yet?
Hermione: He'll stay, my lord.
Leontes: At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Hermione: Never?
Leontes: Never, but once.
Hermione: What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
prithee tell me.
—"The Winter's Tale," Act I., Scene 2.

From the Painting by John Pettie, A.R.A. **As You Like It.**

Touchstone and Audrey.

Touchstone: Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?
Audrey: Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?
Touchstone: I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. —"As You Like It," Act III., Scene 3.

(Reproduced from "The Imperial Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.)

caused her velvet bed to be removed from the doomed house before the explosion; and regards the incident as a curious proof of her "Scottish economy." Her "infatuation for Bothwell was boundless"; but it did "not last long, and she soon again became the ambitious, keen, diplomatic Mary, proud of her royalty, loving luxury and comfort, and essentially selfish in her outlook upon life." "The lords," he explains, "had been at one with Bothwell so long as the question had been the removal of obnoxious Darnley; they had acquiesced even, more or less willingly, in the proposal for the Queen's marriage with their accomplice. But when the abduction showed them that the latter intended to use the marriage as a means of monopolising power and the Queen's influence to the exclusion of his associates, then jealousy and self-interest rebelled against the union." It is not necessary, however, to believe that all the lords, who opposed her after the marriage, had a guilty knowledge of the plot against Darnley.

On the actors and affairs of the second half of the sixteenth century, Major Hume's opinion deservedly carries weight; nevertheless his statements are not invariably accurate, nor are his estimates of character always just. For example, of Knox, he says: "To him the only righteousness, the only salvation, was to be found within the narrow limits of his own view of his own creed. All else was anathema; and with beauty, and sweetness, and mercy, with kindly pity for the erring, with humble recognition of the frailty of human judgment, with tender trust in God's goodness even to the guilty, John Knox would hold no parley." In another passage he speaks of him as Mary's "self-righteous enemy." Had Major Hume known Knox's works as well as he knows the "Spanish Calendar" he would have written somewhat differently of him. So far was he from excluding the guilty from divine mercy that he counted it one of his chief duties as a preacher to offer God's mercy to penitent sinners. So far was he from being a hard, self-righteous man, that, as David Laing puts it, "he had a heart full of loving and tender affections, and he was not less remarkable for deep self-abasement and humility."

Of the inaccuracies into which Major Hume has fallen, a few may be pointed out. Mary was crowned on the 9th (not the 11th) of September, 1543. Kirk-of-Field was not a Dominican church. Lord Robert Stuart did not become Earl of Orkney until some fourteen years after Darnley's murder. The collusive divorce between Bothwell and his wife was not published "by both churches." The Protestant court which divorced Bothwell because of adultery was a civil not an ecclesiastical tribunal. The story that Mary bore a child to Bothwell, in February, 1567-8, is not corroborated, but rendered impossible, by Nau's statement that she had a mis-carriage of twins in the preceding July. Murray did not say that he had been earnestly pressed by Mary's orders to agree to or subscribe any deed for the murder of Darnley.

Some of Major Hume's statements should have had special vouchers, such as the one affirming that the Queen Mother and the French anti-Guisans approved of Arran "or his father" as a suitor for Mary. Is there any contemporary authority for the common assertion, adopted by Major Hume, that the supper-party at which the nobles signed the bond in Bothwell's favour was held at or in "Ainslie's tavern"? Some of his statements are put too strongly and are afterwards modified. On one page it is said that before the Darnley marriage, Mary hurried from Perth to Edinburgh, "successfully avoiding a plan that had been laid by Murray's friends for her capture"; but on a later page it is admitted that the reality of the plot "cannot be asserted positively." Again, in relation to the Don Carlos match, it is said that "the rallying of Murray and Lethington to the ultra-Catholic side . . . proved how little either of them cared for the abstract question of creed"; while on a later page Murray's compliance even for a time is spoken of as a probability, not as a certainty. It does not seem to have occurred to Major Hume that, when the astute Lethington sounded Quadra concerning this match, he may have been prompted to do so by a very different motive than an honest desire to see such a marriage arranged.

From a sentence in his last chapter, it may be inferred that Major Hume intends to write another volume on the Queen of Scots, dealing, not with her love affairs, but with the long years of sombre intrigue which she spent in England. That volume will be looked forward to with expectancy by all who read the present most interesting and suggestive volume.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE CAMBRIDGE MILTON.*

It is needless to remark that when Dr. Aldis Wright undertakes a critical edition of any author of distinction, the result cannot fall short of excellence. We regret, as we shall state more at large, that in this edition of Milton he should have thought proper to confine himself to a single department of editorial duty, but his discharge of this is exemplary. Having decided to limit himself to simply critical annotation, he has made this at least perfect. Nothing can exceed his diligence in tracking out the varying readings of editions, except the soundness of his judgment in selecting the best. The most important part of his labours, however, is not the collation of printed books, but the scrutiny of the autograph manuscripts preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The points of difference are often highly curious and entertaining, and in three instances Dr. Aldis Wright has felt justified in preferring the reading of the MSS. to that of the standard editions. A few of the variations seem too minute to be worth recording; otherwise, anything more terse, practical, and unostentatious than the manner in which the results of this laborious research are put before the reader it would be difficult to find. It is a perfect conspectus of the treatment of Milton's text from his time to ours, not the less useful and all the more entertaining because some of the eighteenth century emendations border upon the ludicrous.

* "The Poetical Works of John Milton." Edited, with Critical Notes, by William Aldis Wright, M.A., Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. 5s. net. (Cambridge: at the University Press.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE
OOKMAN.

From a Painting by Ford Madox Brown in the Manchester Art Gallery.

Our regret is that this excellent critical edition should be a critical edition and nothing more. Milton is the most erudite of the great poets, and the most in need of a commentary. A merely critical edition will not serve the needs of the majority of readers, who will be obliged either to relinquish much that is indispensable to the appreciation of Milton, or to supplement this volume with a large and expensive edition, or with several editions of separate works. It is a great object to bring everything necessary for the intelligent study of the poet between the covers of one moderate sized volume, and this is not attempted here. It will be replied that this would have made the volume too bulky. We acknowledge the difficulty, and should have met it by discarding the Latin poems, which nobody will read. They ought of course to be printed in every library edition, but their retention in a popular edition is but a superstitious deference to precedent. With Dr. Aldis Wright's singular terseness and pregnancy of annotation, their omission would have afforded room for an adequate illustrative commentary, and left this edition without a rival. RICHARD GARNETT.

"PLACE AND POWER."*

There is rather less of flippancy and sparkle about the epigrams and aphorisms in this than in some of Mrs. Felkin's former novels, but what they lack in brilliance and humour, they more than make up for with a quiet shrewdness and depth of religious earnestness, that are in better keeping with the theme she has chosen for her latest work. The story here is of early Victorian times, and deals largely with the harder and narrower Nonconformity of that era. Mr. Gaukrodger, with his grim and grisly nightmare conceptions of God and religion, shows like an impossible caricature against the broader, saner Nonconformity of to-day, but the portrait is, in the main, true enough to life as it used to be. Sunday as it was passed in the Gaukrodger household makes no alluring picture, and it is no wonder that Griselda grew up there with her brothers in mortal terror of God, and anxious from early youth about the salvation of her soul. "The morbid young person in the middle of the last century," says Mrs. Felkin, "read unhealthy books and thought unhealthy thoughts about the relations between herself and God; the morbid young person of to-day reads unhealthy books and thinks unhealthy thoughts about the relations between herself and man."

But presently Griselda goes to spend a holiday with three maiden aunts, and meets Conrad Clayton, who is living in the neighbourhood. He is the son of a self-made man, who is a confirmed and blatant atheist, and, sharing his father's views, he is bent only upon rising in the world and winning place and power as his father had won money. Griselda loves and marries him in spite of the opposition of her parents; she is glad to escape from their loving, oppressive government and the forbidding God they had imposed on her; and Conrad rises in the world to great heights, but always conscious of an avenging Nemesis that is dogging him, and that strikes when he has almost reached his highest.

Shortly before his marriage he had caught a small gipsy boy poaching; he had refused to accede to the mother's prayer for mercy; he had scornfully rejected the intervention of the itinerant preacher, Gleave, and as one suddenly inspired, Gleave had denounced him. "Because thou hast shown no mercy to the widow's son, God shall show no mercy towards thee. Thou shalt heap up riches, but thy firstborn shall never gather them; thou shalt make a great name for thyself, but thy firstborn shall not bear it after thee . . . . ." Conrad laughed, and sent the gipsy boy to gaol, and, for the nonce, troubled no more about it. But by strange ways the prophecy fulfilled itself; not in the death of Conrad's eldest son, but in a more merciful and equally effective fashion, that brings him to believe there is a God who "does not punish sin, but allows sin to punish itself." The book is a little too didactic, there is here and there too much preaching; but the story is cleverly contrived, is full of thought, and very ably and interestingly written. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Place and Power." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

CRIMEAN SIMPSON.*

That the career of the earliest of war artists was eventful and varied goes without saying, though it is very seldom that one has the good fortune to meet with so fascinating a life story as that which is contained in the autobiography of "Crimean Simpson." As a record of travel and adventure in distant lands it holds the reader entranced, but perhaps the deepest interest of all will be found to lie in the personal reminiscences of the author. The story of Simpson's career reads like a romance. He commenced life as an errand boy in his native city of Glasgow, and by sheer pluck and indomitable energy worked his way up to the highest distinction in a profession which he had himself created. It is this early portion of his life story which appeals to one most strongly. In his own simple, unaffected language, he tells us how severe was the struggle which he waged with adverse circumstances. His family were poor; so poor, in fact, that they were often unable to purchase candles or oil, and on these occasions Simpson had to pursue his studies at home by the light of the fire. Most lads of his age would soon have abandoned the battle in despair, but Simpson came of a dogged Lowland stock, and the difficulties he had to contend with only spurred him on into action.

It was not long before his artistic leanings began to assert themselves, and we are told how he gratified his desire to learn painting by foregoing his mid-day meal and investing the pennies, which he thus saved, in the purchase of colours. In the meantime, however, he did not neglect his daily duties, and after passing out of his apprenticeship,

* "The Autobiography of William Simpson, R.I." Edited by George Eyre-Todd. 21s. net. (Unwin.)

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare Scenes and Characters," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

Measure for Measure.

Angelo and Isabella.

Isabella: I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Angelo: Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny.
—"Measure for Measure," Act II., Scene 4.

From the Painting by Charles Leslie, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Katharina and Petruchio.

Katharina: Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Petruchio: Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O, mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
—"The Taming of the Shrew," Act IV., Scene 3.

he became a lithographic designer. It is pleasant to find that when he received a present of £10 from his master—an unheard of sum to the boy—the first thing he did was to buy a new silk dress for his mother. In due course the enterprising young Scotsman found that Glasgow offered too limited a sphere for his abilities, and he migrated to London, where he soon procured remunerative work as a pictorial lithographer. After Simpson had been thus employed for a few years, his great opportunity came. The Crimean War broke out, and with it came a large and increasing popular demand for illustrations of the scenes at the front. Simpson had drawn a picture of the battle of the Alma from newspaper accounts, which proved such a great success that he was sent out to the Crimea to make sketches on the spot. He thus became the first of the war artists, and went through the campaign with such credit as to win for himself the name henceforth of "Crimean Simpson." He subsequently visited India after the Mutiny, and he also took part in the Abyssinian War. He was present at the siege of Paris, was arrested as a spy, and passed unscathed through the horrors of the Commune. The Afghan War was illustrated by him, and it was by the merest chance that he escaped the fate of Cavagnari in Cabul. Other more pacific episodes of which he was an eye-witness were the opening of the Suez Canal, the Vatican Council of 1869, and the Indian Tour of the Prince of Wales.

But it was not merely as a war artist that Simpson made a mark. He left behind him valuable writings on such topics as Indian archæology, and the primeval history of religion and ritual. This is all the more wonderful when it is remembered that he had never enjoyed those advantages of education which most men consider essential, but had been left to pick up what he could at Mechanics' Institutes and free libraries. It is a sign of the man's unquenchable determination that in spite of these drawbacks he became a distinguished Orientalist and a linguist of no mean attainments.

Simpson's life story is like a kaleidoscope. The scene shifts from country to country with bewildering rapidity, and embraces the living detail of all the most momentous transactions of his time. He had a singular gift, not only of making, but also of keeping friends, and among these were to be reckoned many of the crowned heads of Europe. The following anecdote shows the regard in which he was held by our own Royal Family. On one occasion he received an invitation to a garden party at Marlborough House, but as he was at the time absent at the opening of the Forth Bridge, the editor of the *Illustrated London News* asked if another artist might be sent instead. The reply received was that Simpson had been invited as the "personal friend of the Prince of Wales," and that no other artist could attend.

Quite apart from the stirring incidents of his career, Simpson's personality as depicted in these pages possesses a peculiar charm. He tells his story frankly and yet modestly; the almost irresistible inclination, which so often seizes on travellers, to heighten the colours and deepen the shadows of a narrative of adventure, is nowhere in evidence. In fact, this is a volume which will not only prove deeply interesting, but which, when read, will leave pleasant recollections of a charming personality behind it. H. C. GUTTERIDGE.

EARLY WRITINGS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

"The Hollow Land" is the title given to the reprint of William Morris's contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* which ran through the year 1856. The twelve numbers as published would probably be hard to find now, and owners of bound-up sets, although for the most part spoilt, are not easily persuaded to part with them—this because Morris was loved as few men have lived to be.

The Americans as usual have been beforehand with us. In England the Copyright Law forbids their re-appearance until the term expires, and in anticipation of that event, Messrs. Longmans and Co. have given us this beautiful book, consisting of Morris's writings only.

In Mr. Mackail's "Life" of the Poet, vol. 1, pp. 87-9, etc., is an interesting account of this singular venture, and that its promoters had their minds full of it is proved by the passages quoted from the Diary of one of the circle—"Crum" Price:

November 17, 1855.—"Solemn conclave as to the form, title, etc., of the coming Mag."

November 22, 1855.—"Ground at a Prospectus with Top." (Morris, of course.) The idea originated with Dixon, afterwards "Canon," but the financial responsibility and editorship, of which he grew tired very soon, was undertaken by Morris himself, and his contributions, requiring no little space, are reproduced in this welcome volume, 332 pp., 8vo. As it is for subscribers only, the following note for collectors and lovers of books may as well be added to ours:

* "The Hollow Land" and other contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. By William Morris. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

From the Painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Tate Gallery.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Malvolio and the Countess.

Olivia: God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
Maria: How do you, Malvolio?
Malvolio: At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.
Maria: Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Malvolio: 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.
Olivia: What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Malvolio: 'Some are born great,'—
Olivia: Ha!
Malvolio: 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Olivia: What sayest thou?
Malvolio: 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Olivia: Heaven restore thee!
Malvolio: 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
Olivia: Thy yellow stockings!
Malvolio: 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Olivia: Cross-gartered!
Malvolio: 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—
Olivia: Am I made?
Malvolio: 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Olivia: Why, this is very midsummer madness.
—"Twelfth Night," Act III., Scene 4.

Rischgitz Collection.

"These first writings of William Morris were printed in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* in 1856, when the author was twenty-two years old, and are now reprinted at the Chiswick Press with the 'Golden type' designed by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press. Finished on the 10th day of July, 1903." ERNEST RADFORD.

MR. SHAW'S MORALITY PLAY.*

"This brilliant and thoughtful writer, whose paradoxes are the amusement of his many admirers, so long as we do not take them seriously, has again in the present volume displayed to advantage his harlequin's jacket." So I might begin, and Mr. Shaw, at the word "paradox," would smile sadly; was ever a review published of his works where it did not appear? He is—and he cannot deny it—always amusing, and furiously paradoxical, but when he describes himself as an "intensely refractory person," the note of questioning drops unbidden on the page. Is he not rather a most reflecting, *not* refractory, nature? In this very book he prides himself on giving us the quintessence of great minds—of Goethe, Shelley, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and the Polish German whose name was more formidable than anything else he wrote—I mean Nietzsche. Is there one single opinion expressed by the hero of the play that has not been uttered in literature times beyond reckoning? Of course, that is no reason why it should not be uttered again. But if the author is a non-conformist where various social views and customs are in dispute, so are we all. It is not in matter but in manner that this morality-play exhibits a style of its own. The main position is not only sound, it is Christian to the extent of the Church Catechism and the marriage-service; yet Mr. Shaw calls it revolutionary! In that, we will grant, he is original.

I do not propose to tell the story of the modern Don Juan. It begins with a lively flourish; passes into one of those questionable "dramas in Hades," that might as well take place in a London drawing-room; and ends—I had almost said explodes—in broad farce. But John Tanner, "member of the idle rich class," cannot help being a prophet, borrowing from Tolstoy on the right hand, from Nietzsche on the left, and preaching to his own a gospel which they will, most likely, not receive. The play is a sermon; here I can give only the text and not the illustrations; but we all know that Mr. Shaw is witty, sarcastic, ironical, and a hard hitter. He scorns to be picturesque or to embroider his science with colours of romance; and I am not sure that Alfieri would be, on comparison, the more simply intellectual; for in both cases it is the idea that comes into play—not passion but logic, as if we were asked to follow a demonstration on a black-board. Mr. Shaw's humour, no doubt, is constantly breaking in; but we never escape the teacher's ferule, which comes down smartly on our shoulders when we hesitate to admit his argument. Dogmatic free-thinking is, one begins to suspect, as much of a yoke as the Thirty-nine Articles. But to the purpose:—

The purpose of Don Juan's return from the shades is to denounce the Neo-Malthusians. Society has forgotten, or is more and more forgetting, the true human significance of marriage. The end of marriage is maternity; present and prevailing heresies deal with it as they do with riches, art, culture, athletics, and all other good things; they resolve it into self-regarding pleasure. But life has a larger scope,—the preparation for a race which shall be less degraded than the idle rich and the proletarian democracy. Until this new man arrives, the bad old order cannot be overthrown; "jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto." And here is the ideal of the Superman, according to Nietzsche, for whom we are waiting.

"Ye must be born again"; it is a familiar Christian topic, handled with audacity, fire, and a sort of conviction. As the author praises "Everyman"—that fine medieval apologue—he will perhaps allow me to finish with another, very brief, and not altogether from the point. On a great festival, says my story-teller, it chanced that a saintly man, entering the church where an immense multitude were collected round the pulpit, saw to his amazement that the preacher in brown frock was

* "Man and Superman: A Comedy and a Philosophy." By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (A. Constable and Co.)

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare Scenes and Characters," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

King Henry IV., Part II.

Prince Henry: My gracious lord! my father!
. . . . . Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.
—"King Henry IV.," Part II., Act IV., Scene 5.

Lucifer himself. The demon discoursed with eloquence on the lost joys of Heaven, and moved all hearts to fear while they listened. When he had ended, as he was coming down from the pulpit, the holy man, taking him aside, thus upbraided him: "O most wicked one, how camest thou in hither, and what profit can accrue to thee from preaching a sermon that touched these good Christians so deeply?" But the demon smiled and said, "To me is the profit; for my sermon will do them no good." "And why then?" asked the holy man. "Because," answered Lucifer, "I preached without hope."

Mr. Shaw's Don Juan is an atheist and a thanatist. What hope worthy of the name does he hold out to mankind? His text is an admirable one; but in a society which fears no day of judgment, Malthus will drive him back to the shades.

WILLIAM BARRY.

A UNIQUE PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.*

Mark Twain once said that the two most interesting characters of the century were Napoleon and Helen Keller, and certainly the life of the latter has a significance difficult to over-estimate. At nineteen months old Miss Keller became deaf and blind. Mental development consequently, except of the feeblest kind, appeared impossible. Communication with other fellow creatures could only be of the most elementary nature. As a child of seven Helen Keller suffered the full limitations implied by her infirmities. She had no words into which to make definite the incoherent workings of the mind; and closed in from seeing or hearing expressions of tenderness, she seems to have remained devoid of affection. Until she learned to understand the meaning of words, she cared, consciously, for nobody, and the least caress was repugnant to her. She herself says of this time, "In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness." There was also no thought in the accepted sense of the word—only a passionate longing to express the feelings which are the basis of all thought.

Then Miss Sullivan, who had learnt Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's famous finger methods of conversation, came into her life as governess, and the scientific value of Miss Keller's education begins. To give even the slightest idea of its suggestive importance would be impossible here. And closely and clearly as both Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan have given the slow, tentative, hesitant processes by which the pupil first grasped words and their meaning, the mystery of a human being's mental fabric remains still unseizable. Miss Sullivan herself, whose observation of her pupil was unrelaxed, and whose intelligence is of a very rare quality, wrote at the time, regarding the child, "the readiness with which she comprehended the great facts of physical life confirmed me in the opinion that the child has dormant within him, when he comes into the world, all the experiences of the race. These experiences are like photographic negatives until language develops them and brings out the memory-images."

The first time Helen understood what this movement of fingers over her hand meant, was *à propos* of the word water. She gives this commencement of intellectual growth herself with a wonderful clarity of expression. "Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word 'water,' first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free!"

Her grasp of abstract ideas came with almost the same abruptness. She was stringing beads into symmetrical patterns, and got the design wrong. Puzzled and worried the child sat thinking where the error lay, when Miss Sullivan laid a hand on her forehead, and with a certain emphasis spelt the word "Think." Then, writes Miss Keller again, "In an instant I knew that the word was the name of the process going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea."

From this the rest was—colossal though the difficulties were—comparatively easy. Now Miss Keller, cultured, witty, quaintly humorous, and of a steadfast good cheer, is a brilliant woman—a woman with the rarest of all gifts—a beautiful as well as a gifted mind. Once told that little was known of Shakespeare's life except that he had been baptised, married, and died, she answered quietly, "Well, he seems to have done all the essential things." The sentence, slightly altered, peculiarly expresses Miss Keller's own temperament and grasp of life. She is deaf and blind—the deprivations of her existence are necessarily great—but she seems to possess, even more than those that see, the essential things, both in thought and feeling. To a certain extent she is different from other people. The smaller sins and minor uglinesses of life have not been revealed to her. The immensity of her loss has its element of gain. To quote her own words as a child—for her literary capacity even when a little girl was quite unusual—"If the light were not in your eyes, dear Mr. Brooks, you would understand better how happy your little Helen was when her teacher explained to her that the best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen nor even touched, but only just felt in the heart."

M. BERESFORD RYLEY.

* "The Story of My Life." By Helen Keller. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

DR. BARRY'S NEW NOVEL.*

"The Dayspring" will be remembered as a particularly vivid chapter of history, if it be forgotten as a novel. It

* "The Dayspring." By Dr. Wm. Barry. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

was rather beyond the middle of the book that its interest began for us. Late enough—but then it never failed from that point. Yet it is only right to say that the earlier part contains the more sensational elements of character, and, in a popular sense, is the more extraordinary. Readers who hanker after the fantastic, the exotic, the mysterious in modern life can have their fill of these in the first two hundred pages or so. For others the lights will go up when the Abbé de Solis appears on the scene. A steady sanity shines from his eyes; and from the moment they fall on the young Irish hero, Guiron's personality and career become conceivable. For though their meeting takes place almost on the eve of the Commune, with which Guiron becomes mixed up, his wildest revolutionary adventures seem quite ordinary beside the earlier episodes from which the Abbé cuts him loose. And not only on the hero does the Abbé's presence have this steadying influence, but on the writer himself—if we may say so, in all respect, to one so experienced as Dr. Barry. From this point the book takes form, attains a vigorous style, makes clear its purpose, and shows its author at his best—and that is as historical painter. We do not mean that the earlier portion has no bearing on the later. The fantastic incidents and artificial sentiment shown up against the terrible realities of the Commune, contribute to a moral lesson, we admit. But of the hocus-pocus of hashish-eating, spirit-writing, crystal-reading, dealings with the dead, there is too much for mere warning; while it is not good enough for serious interest. In the thick, unwholesome atmosphere nobody and nothing is real; and it is not in the prophet's luxurious chambers on the Quai Voltaire, nor in the château where the melancholy Fernande communes with her dead husband that we find genuine imagination at work, but in the vigorous tale of the Commune.

The diverse motives, all the conflicting interests, passions, ignorances, ideas, rights and wrongs that clashed and fought and made terrible mésalliances in that carnival of licence and incapable idealism, are presented here, without undue elaboration, but with fine understanding and much sympathy. The actors in the drama are made vivid to our eyes. Dr. Barry's talents as a painter of historic scenes, not proven for the first time, are of a very high order; and the burning of beautiful Paris under the eyes of those who loved liberty enough to understand the genesis of the madness, and too well not to be broken-hearted at the end of the story, is told in an unforgettable fashion.

Perhaps it may be dispiriting to read that our old Europe did not contain what would bring back heart for the struggle of life to the hero. "In the West is the dayspring." But under the circumstances emigration was inevitable; for Guiron was still under the ban for shooting a landlord in Ireland—though M. Thiers winked at his Commune escapades—and in distance we hope there was safety for him. We feel less assured about the Comtesse. Dispossessed of her fortune and estates by a second marriage, her new fate would be easier, it is true, in a new land. But the West is perilously hospitable to false prophets and spirit-rappers. Is she warranted safe from further contagion? Well, Dr. Barry sees them set off hopefully; and it is ungracious in us to doubt.

A. Macdonell.

MR. MERRIMAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Barlasch himself is so quaintly humorous a figure, clothed in such a kindly, gross humanity, and so very much alive, and the story named after him is so full of interest and written with such power and charm, that one feels bound, as a matter of duty, to protest against the odd perversity with which Mr. Merriman has permitted himself to mar even slightly a book that, but for his wilful lapses, would have been wholly admirable. If we admired Mr. Merriman less, or had less belief in his capacity, we should pass these flaws over in silence, but an author who is honestly and greatly worthy of praise has earned the right to be censured for his errors, since they are not errors of incompetence.

Here, as in most of his novels, the narrative is constantly flowering into epigrams and aphorisms, and many of these are true and exquisitely turned, but not a few are flavoured with a cynicism that is strange in Mr. Merriman, and unworthy of him—little gibes and fleers at man and womankind that are sometimes cheap, and sometimes stale, and always discordant. They are an affectation in Mr. Merriman, a fretfulness that he can afford to leave to smaller men. He sneers at the cheap press and congratulates Russia on being the one great country that is not cursed with it; yet one has only to compare the social and political condition of Russia with that of countries in which a cheap press flourishes, to see that the sneer has no sting, and the congratulation is groundless. Then, after the retreat from Moscow, when Napoleon delegates the command of his broken army to Murat, and Murat wants to make it over to Eugene—"What Murat did," adds Mr. Merriman, "is no doubt known to the learned reader. Let us at all events pretend that it is, and be true to our generation." Mr. Merriman knows perfectly well that to treat a knowledge or an ignorance of what Murat did on that occasion as a test of learning or the reverse, were, frankly, absurd. Once more, to say nothing of divers trivial examples, having touched on the devotion and skill of the two engineer officers who, under Rapp, were responsible for the defence of Dantzig, Mr. Merriman adds, "And the educated Englishman of to-day will tell you gravely

* "Barlasch of the Guard." By Henry Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare Scenes and Characters," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

King Henry V. and Katharine.

King Henry: And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?—"King Henry V.," Act V., Scene 2.

From the Painting by L. J. Pott. **King John.**

Hubert and Arthur.

Hubert: Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arthur: Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O! spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

—"King John," Act IV., Scene 1.

(Reproduced from "The Imperial Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.)

that there are no soldiers in the world like English soldiers, and no general in the world like the latest pet general of English journalism. There is, as a matter of fact, no more ignorant gentleman in the world than the educated English gentleman; and he will confess quite grandly, without any abatement of his public school or university conceit, that he knows nothing of Rapp, and never heard of such persons as Colonel Richemont and General Campredon."

Assuming that this is accurate, and that, in contradistinction to the English gentleman, the educated Russian or French-man knows all about Nicholson, Wolfe, and the less popular heroes of English history, Mr. Merriman knows perfectly well that it is bad art—as bad as if an historical painter depicted a Tudor interior with a portrait of Lord Roberts on the wall. If he had been as true to his period as he has himself taught us to expect him to be, he would have known nothing, for the time, of the modern English gentleman or the military pets of modern English journalism, and we should not have been worried by the intrusion of their up-to-date apparitions into pages that are inhabited by people of the Napoleonic era.

Having said which, and the esteem we have for Mr. Merriman's gifts would not allow us to leave it unsaid, we can pass to what is good in the book, and happily it is with the book as Leigh Hunt said it was with humanity—

"Good is as hundreds, evil as one."

The story passes chiefly in Dantzig, and centres upon the household of Antoine Sebastian, who keeps a dancing academy. It starts with the marriage of Désirée, one of his daughters, to Charles Darragon, a French lieutenant quartered in the town, and within an hour or two of the wedding, with the advent of Charles's cousin Louis, the reader begins to wonder whether Désirée has not mistaken her own heart and made a wrong choice. The sensation of Napoleon's sudden arrival in Dantzig with his advance guard is very effectively conveyed; following it, also within an hour or two of his wedding, Charles is dispatched on urgent business to a distant post, for he is in the Emperor's secret service; and Désirée is presently disillusioned by the discovery that, unsuspected of them all, he has been treacherously playing the spy upon her own father. These three, Désirée, with the sunny laughter in her eyes; the gay, handsome, unscrupulous Charles; the fearless, taciturn, sternly honourable Louis, are most ably drawn and finely contrasted characters, and the love of the two men for Désirée, her hidden love of the man who is not her husband, and the brave fidelity to which, without any words passing between them, Louis urges and helps her—all this, in a setting of battle and siege, famine and pestilence, and the thousand chances and indescribable horrors of Napoleon's disastrous campaign against Russia, is deftly woven into an absorbing and many-coloured romance.

But with Napoleon, came Barlasch of the old Guard to be billeted on the Sebastians, and good as are the other characters in the book, even such minor ones as Lisa the kitchen maid, none of them is quite so good as Barlasch. He is gnarled, dogmatic, old, a soft-hearted, simple, cunning dare-devil of an old rascal who fastens upon one's sympathies amazingly. He forms a queer, dog-like attachment to Désirée, because, as he

From the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. **King Henry VI, Part I.**

Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne.

Talbot: No, no, I am but shadow of myself;
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Countess: This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Talbot: That will I show you presently.
He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.
How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

—"King Henry VI.," Part I., Act II., Scene 3.

(Reproduced from "The Imperial Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.)

tells her, curtly, "In my own country, a long time ago there was a girl who had hair like yours. That is why we are friends, perhaps." His preference for the kitchen, his peasant habit of taking off his boots and going about indoors "in his stocking-feet," his soldier habit of camping on the kitchen floor instead of using the table—these, and a score of characteristic little traits, are cleverly touched in. He goes on the march to Moscow, and the burning of the city and the ghastly retreat are suggested with an imaginative subtlety that impresses the mind with an effect of detailed and realistic description. The story abounds in incident; it is threaded with pathos and humour, and is written throughout with all Mr. Merriman's usual ease and vividness of style. A. St. John Adcock.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Apart from Nathaniel Hawthorne, perhaps no American novelist writes, or has written, with such pure ideality of thought and spiritual charm, allied to so close a feeling for humanity and the pathos of human error, as Mr. James Lane Allen. "The Choir Invisible" first made him generally known to English readers, and his subsequent work has amply justified their hopes of him. In "The Mettle of the Pasture" he tells a poignantly emotional story that is not startlingly uncommon: if it were, it could not be so simply true, for, as Judge Morris says, all the new tragedies are very old—except to those who are living through them. Man is, as the Judge puts it, "a pasturing animal, deriving his mettle from the pasture," and Rowan Meredith has the high mettle of a chivalrous, truthful gentleman. He says of himself, looking at the portraits of two of his ancestors, "You who helped to make me what I am, you had the conscience and not the temptation. And you," turning to the other, "you had the temptation and not the conscience. What does either of you know of me who had both?" The tragedy begins when, just before he asks her to marry him, he confesses to Isabel Conyers the one great sin he had committed in his past. He felt he could not deceive her; she must know the truth of him. As he expressed it, later, to the old judge, an exquisitely drawn and pathetic figure, "He said that he would not lie to a class-mate in college, he would not cheat a professor; was it any better silently to lie to and cheat the woman that he loved?" So he makes his confession to Isabel, and she is repelled and fatally disillusioned. She will not see him again, or hear from him, but goes away so that there may be no danger of their meeting. The gradual widening of her knowledge and sympathies, her gradual relenting, the failure of resentment, pride, everything but her love of him—it is beautifully and touchingly told, and leads to a shadowed happiness that is the natural, most satisfying end. The story has a quaint, quiet humour in its minor interests, and is written with distinction and a delicacy of finish that even Mr. Allen himself has never surpassed.

"McTODD."†

To write twelve good short stories is a hard thing; but to write twelve good stories about one man, each story illustrating some new facet in a complex character, requires a touch of genius. Unquestionably Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is a master of the "one man" book; "Captain Kettle" proved that beyond a doubt. But that redoubtable mariner was a little too invincible; there are limits to the number of men that even a small man can fight single-handed, and Kettle occasionally went beyond those limits. "McTodd" is a stronger and more artistic piece of work, more convincing and nearer to reality. It is the most finished work Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has yet done, and the best bit of characterisation.

McTodd, of course, was Scotch, which may have accounted for his conscience, and besides having a conscience which would have immortalised any ordinary man, McTodd had other claims to distinction. He was an engineer, an engineer to his finger tips, though misguided Board of Trade examiners refused him a certificate; but his native pugnacity, added to an unfortunate weakness for whiskey, brought him a wide experience of many things beside marine engines. For this drunken and quarrelsome but fascinating Scotch engineer had been everywhere, from the Arctic Circle to the Coffin Coast, where men mostly live (and more often still die) on quinine and other drugs. The temptation to a man who has knocked about the world as Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has, is to retell his yarns much as he heard them, without literary artifice or polish; and it says much for Mr. Hyne's craftsmanship that he has withstood this temptation and given the stories a careful setting.

Edmund Kean as King Richard III.

From a Painting by Drummond, in the possession of J. H. Leigh, Esq.

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.

—"King Richard III.," Act I., Scene 1.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the owner.)

* "The Mettle of the Pasture." By James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)

† "McTodd." By Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Helen Faucit (Lady Martin).

"Macready's chief associate in women characters was Helen Faucit, whose refined impersonations of Imogen, Beatrice, Juliet, and Rosalind, form an attractive chapter in the history of the stage."—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.

Rischgitz Collection.

"ERB."*

Mr. Pett Ridge has been told so often, and probably knows so well, that his novels are deficient in plot and lacking in construction, that he must, by this, find the information as unamusing as it has always been uninstructive. It should be sufficiently obvious that any finished plot and ingenuity of construction would take from his novels those very qualities of truth and naturalness that his critics so unanimously admire in his work. For which of us telling the unexaggerated story of his life would find it developing into a cohesive whole, with a definite plot running through it, or through any part of it? The lives of most of us, of the poor especially, are nothing but a tangle of casual, disconnected incidents and episodes, fragmentary adventurings this way and that, broken romances, or romances that languish and lengthen to unromantic conclusions—there is no orderly procession of events to an effective end; and Mr. Pett Ridge has set himself to reproduce life as it is really lived, and he knows very well that it is not, especially in such lives as he pictures, a chain of sequential happenings linked up into any sort of completeness. His is one form of art, and the construction of a story threaded on a strong and definite plot is another; the one is not nearer perfection than the other, it is simply different; and to judge the two by the same standard is mere foolishness.

Erb is an ambitious young railway carman with a talent for oratory and organisation. He is greatly given to open-air speaking in Southwark Park, and, exercising a powerful influence over his fellow employees, plays the leading part in a strike, and, being discharged, founds a Carmen's Union and is elected Secretary. The proceedings of the Union, the rivalries and intrigues that crop up against Erb, and the ingratitude of his friends that finally disillusions him, are related realistically and with an abounding humour; and Erb's romance, his love of the practical, pretty, slightly lame little teacher of elocution brightens through the rougher elements of his career with an idyllic charm. Rather vulgar, very conceited, but leavened with a simple honesty and good-heartedness, Erb is shown faultily human, in his habit as he lived, and his shrewd, sharp, consumptive sister Louisa is no less faithfully and sympathetically portrayed. The aristocrats of the story may not be quite so convincing, but its common men and women are always individualised with a wonderful vigour and clearness, and informed with just those characteristic traits and mannerisms that of right belong to them.

We do not place this with Mr. Pett Ridge's best books (not with "A Breaker of Laws," for instance), but it is nevertheless an exceedingly clever transcript from life; it has a strong human interest, is coloured with humour and pathos, and marked throughout by those thousand and one trivial but illuminating touches of observation and insight, and intimacy with humanity, that are the peculiar properties of Mr. Pett Ridge's genius.

* "Erb." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

MEMOIRS OF A SOCIAL ATOM.*

The recollections of men who have known many people and places are nearly always interesting. There is, even about the trivial experiences of real men and women, something that lures the attention, as if behind the triviality there lurked inevitably an element of deeper significance for the onlooker. Mr. Adams, as he states in the introduction, has "mingled with no great people, been admitted to no great secrets, met no great adventures, witnessed no great events, taken part in no great transactions." But his memoirs are worth reading nevertheless, though chiefly for the illuminative sketches given of a period of which almost every trace seems now completely effaced. Mr. Adams' matter is, of course, superficial, and his manner light. But so far as the matter goes, it is handled with considerable vitality, and a strong feeling for the things that count among the minor details of existence. His anecdotes of people are occasionally almost too flimsy for publication, but in the chapters dealing with past customs and past discomforts, there is always ample justification for every remembrance. Few people realise the physical gains

* "Memoirs of a Social Atom." By W. E. Adams. 24s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

David Garrick as Richard III.

"Towards the middle of the eighteenth century all earlier efforts to interpret Shakespeare in the playhouse were eclipsed in public esteem by the concentrated energy and intelligence of David Garrick. . . . No actor has won an equally exalted reputation in so vast and varied a repertory of Shakespearean *rôles*."—"A Life of William Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee.

THE PLAY SCENE IN HAMLET.

THE BOOKMAN.

From a Painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

of the modern application of brain to scientific purposes. It is only necessary to read Mr. Adams' description of the difficulty and laboriousness of striking a light prior to the invention of matches, to look back with commiseration upon the immense deprivations of our forefathers. And yet here and there the charm of a pictorial grace is strong. Even the old lamp-lighters, journeying in the mystic gloom of a winter street, have a moving quality to remember. And, writes Mr. Adams, "when our streets were first lighted with gas, the lamp-lighters, like the new police, wore a special uniform. With white jackets and glazed hats, each shouldering a ladder, they marched up the middle of the main street together before branching off to their respective districts." It is only necessary to recall the muffin man, his bell, and his green baize covered tray, to make the vision complete.

THE LIBRARY OF MODERN CLASSICS.*

For some months past Trollope seems to have been in the air, so to speak, and the sound judgment and prescience of Mr. John Long is apparent in his selection of this author's "Three Clerks" for the initial volume of the new Library of Modern Classics. Anthony Trollope's literary reputation found its worst enemy in Anthony Trollope himself. There is simplicity, honesty, and insight in his "Autobiography" which claim admiration; but it was a fatal thing (for the reputation) to publish the fact that his first object in writing was to make money, his second "to be known as somebody." Nevertheless, Anthony Trollope's work was good, at times exceedingly good. He boasted flagrantly of the quantity he wrote; but in these days we may find delight in the quality also. It may be trite to say that he mirrored the life of his period, but it is a valuable fact, and the passing of the years increases this value and detracts nothing from the freshness of his style. "The Three Clerks," the volume now before us, difficult as it was to sell at the time to a publisher, was the best novel Trollope had produced up to that date (1858), and its sustained interest, its genuine feeling, the charm of its autobiographical touches, and its shrewd hits at contemporary schemes have stood the test of time. "The work," its author says in his "Autobiography," "contains the first well-described love-scene that I ever wrote. The passage in which Kate Woodward, thinking that she will die, tries to take leave of the lad she loves, still brings tears to my eyes when I read it." The Library of Modern Classics in which it appears is a triumph of publishing. It is designed to produce great works of fiction by modern authors, and the names of Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, and George Eliot are among those on the programme. With good type, superior paper, delicate, thoughtful illustrations, and a binding at once tasteful and dignified, the series is one to be noted and taken advantage of as being thoroughly well produced, and offering novels worthy and most characteristic of their authors.

From a Painting by E. Grützner. **Sir John Falstaff.**

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.—"King Henry IV.," Part I.

(Reproduced, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., from a Rembrandt Photogravure to appear in "The Royal Shakspere.")

* "The Three Clerks." By Anthony Trollope. Library of Modern Classics. 2s. and 3s. net. (John Long.)

THE DURBAR.*

"Let us proceed," says Mr. Mortimer Menpes in the final chapter of his volume on the Durbar—a chapter headed "Reflections"—"to justify the Durbar." But we may almost say, without undue flattery, that this volume itself justifies that great gathering together of wealth and splendour; for here, by page after page of gorgeous colouring combined with keen observation and understanding, we have a revelation of the Empire which has cost us so much to have and to hold, yet which is of such supreme moment and pride to loyal and patriotic Britons. With such a subject as this Mr. Menpes has had scope for his love of, and talent for reproducing, primary hues bathed in sunlight. Groups and single figures, chiefs, soldiers, elephants, camels, state entries, and veterans by whose aid Delhi had been saved forty-five years

* "The Durbar." By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

After the Painting by H. Brown.

King Richard II.

King Richard: Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
—"King Richard II.," Act IV., Scene 1.

Rischgitz Collection.

before, all are pictured here as if the veritable pageant were moving through the pages. The letterpress has the attraction of a first-hand record, and changes from a light society chronicle of events on board the outward-bound steamer, to a dignified account of the great ceremony itself, with chapters on the several camps and individual celebrities. A high opinion of Lord Curzon's power and capability is noticeable in this narrative. The Durbar was, in spite of wide and efficient help, a "one man's show," and Lord Curzon was that man who inspired, organised, and carried through this great exhibition of loyalty, obedience, and strength. As a pictorial history of a high event, and as a beautiful memento of a unique occasion, Mr. Menpes' book strikes us as having uncommon claims to serious notice and hearty popularity. As an artist Mr. Menpes is almost without exception effective, and the manner in which these illustrations are produced is a really marvellous example of what can be done in the matter of colour printing.

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS.*

Mr. Watson uses a happy audacity of imagination in the construction of these stories that sometimes reminds one of Stevenson in the "New Arabian Nights." There is the same freakish ingenuity of invention, the same cunning in obtaining grim or bizarre effects, yet throughout Mr. Watson is his own man and no imitator. Captain Challen in "The Outlaw," passing a lonely house late at night, is asked by a man at the gate to go in and witness the signing of a document. He goes, and is artfully involved in suspicion of a murder, accidentally kills the man who tricked him, and flies from the police. While he is in hiding, a half-starved outcast, he prevents a lady from committing suicide, goes home with her, learns she has murdered her husband and offers to dispose of the body. He takes it away, as he thinks, on a cab in an oak chest, gets into terrible difficulties with it, and at length has to bolt and leave it, having previously discovered that it is the body of the wife in the chest and not the husband. His subsequent adventures are equally rash and startling. "The Mohock" is a romance of George I.'s day. full of plotting and counter-plotting, and movement and excitement, and written, as indeed are all the stories in the book, with unflagging gusto and amazing cleverness.

* "Alarums and Excursions." By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Novel Notes.

HANDICAPPED AMONG THE FREE. By Emma Rayner. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a strong petition in favour of the Negro movement, and an equally strong indictment of the white man in the Southern States of America. In a preface Miss Rayner writes that the old sentiment which regarded the negro as something less than a man still continues throughout the country. Many of the negroes of to-day are educated and talented men and women, but in spite of it are fettered and oppressed by the most inveterate antagonism. Still, in the introduction to her book, the writer states that if a negro pays for a good seat at a public entertainment, he is liable to be hissed out of it to a common part of the house. Miss Rayner's book as it stands is a piece of fiction, but a piece of fiction whose facts are all drawn from life. Without exaggeration they are horrible, and the composure with which they are told intensifies instead of decreases the horror of them. The volume appears, moreover, at the right moment, when the frequent burning alive of negroes in America, has at last roused civilisation to a sickened sense of the unbearable. Miss Rayner writes well, with an admirable temperance of expression, and the story, apart even from the urgency which breathes out from every line, is well worth reading.

CONJUROR'S HOUSE. By Stewart E. White. 6s. (Methuen.)

There have been many stories written about the adventurous men of the Hudson's Bay Company, but not too many, for the romance of the white North is inexhaustible. In

After the Painting by Harlow.

Mrs. Siddons, Philip, John and Charles Kemble in Henry VIII.

Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey in the Trial Scene.

Wolsey: Be patient yet.
Queen Katharine: I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

—"King Henry VIII.," Act II., Scene 4.

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point of time, Mr. White's story covers only two or three days, but his recklessly gallant free trading hero, Ned Trent, crowds into those days more than enough of peril and love, escape and recapture, reconciliation and happiness to last half a dozen average men throughout all their lives. The old Hudson Bay autocrat, Galen Albret, and his daughter Virginia, are sharply individualised, and the colour and atmosphere of the life at the settlement is very effectively suggested. It is a capital novel and will be heartily enjoyed by all old and young readers who have a healthy love of adventure.

THE SITUATIONS OF LADY PATRICIA. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. 6s. (Unwin.)

Whether it is a right thing or otherwise for a novelist to introduce thinly-veiled caricatures of living people into his books is still very much of an open question. There is little doubt that certain contemporary notorieties will see or fancy they see themselves masquerading under other names in Mr. Trowbridge's pages, and there is no doubt at all that they will not like it. On the death of her father, an Irish Marquis, Lady Patricia and her mother are left in comparative poverty, and Patricia goes out as a sort of companion to a distant relation, Lady Costerdale, who is a wealthy Jewess. Here, and later as companion to old Lady Hester Collymore, "the sibyl of Grosvenor Square," she meets with curious company and goes through some strange experiences. It is a cleverly written social satire, smart and intensely amusing, and the more so because it is always more humorous than satirical.

DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES. By Irving Bacheller. 6s. (Methuen.)

Theron Allen's dog strayed from his lonely cabin in the bleak North American clearing, and was lost. About a month later, the dog returned through a snowstorm dragging a sleigh at his heels, and under the furs in the sleigh lay a curly-haired four-year-old boy. Whence the boy had been brought it was impossible to discover, so Allen and his wife adopted the boy, and the story is concerned with his growth to manhood and follows him when he goes out into the world to make his living. But the outstanding character of the book is Darrel, the generous, quaint old clockmaker with his homely, tender philosophy and his love of the blessed isles of poetry and old romance. The whole tone of the book is idyllic; its life is the life of dreams, which is better than life itself, and it is written with that simplicity and natural magic in which the author of "Eben Holden" is a past master.

GRIFF OF GRIFFITHSCOURT. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a book which opens well and ends badly. The main idea is original enough: "Dan" (her real name is Danaë) promises her adopted mother, who is dying, to watch over her sister, and the book tells how nobly she keeps her promise. Dan is a well-drawn character, wilful and something of a tom-boy, but strong and purposeful. We feel that "Angel," her half-sister, is too weak and silly to deserve Dan's care. The difficulty of writing of beautiful women is that it is impossible to make the reader realise their beauty, and the result is that the character is just as unattractive as it ought to have been fascinating. Besides, if Angel had not been a fool with a genius for wearing the right clothes and getting into debt to her dressmaker, there would have been no point in giving Dan her watching brief. The real weakness of the book lies in the means used to bring about the catastrophe. It is not that the incident is unpleasant, nastiness is common in fiction nowadays, but we simply refuse to believe that such a thing could have happened at all. It is regrettable that a writer of Helen Mathers' standing should have thought fit to employ such an incident.

THE WOOING OF JUDITH. By S. B. Kennedy. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Nine novels out of every ten are love stories, but it is rare to find one which is so exclusively a story of love as "The Wooing of Judith." Judith Cary is one of a party of Cava-

Titus Andronicus.

From a Painting by Thomas Kirk.

Aaron the Moor, Demetrius, Nurse, and Child.

Aaron: It shall not die.
Nurse: Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aaron: What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Demetrius: I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
—"Titus Andronicus," Act IV., Scene 2.

(Reproduced by kind permission of W. Salt Brassington, Esq., of the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.)

liers who fled to Virginia after the execution of Charles the First. On the voyage Judith falls in love with the handsome Captain Seton. Scarcely have they arrived in Virginia and exchanged vows of eternal faithfulness, when the younger men resolve to return to England to strike another blow at Cromwell. Seton is inclined to make excuses, but at Judith's bidding he nerves himself to join the rest. In a few months tidings of the siege of Drogheda reach Virginia and Seton is reported to have been killed. Judith feels that she has driven her lover to his death, but though convinced that she can never love again, she yields to the gentle persistence of Laurence Falkner, her cousin, on whose estate the Carys are living. Two days before the wedding a letter comes to Laurence from Seton, who was then lying wounded and fever-stricken in an Irish prison. Sir Thomas Cary urges Laurence to say nothing, arguing plausibly enough that Seton has no doubt died in the meantime. A few months after the marriage Seton reappears, and in a fine scene compels Laurence to confess that he concealed the fatal letter. Sir Thomas is now dead, and Laurence is too honourable not to take all the blame on himself. Seton consoles himself by marrying a neighbouring beauty, Anne Randall, who has loved him all along and who had also learnt the secret of the letter, but had kept silence from jealousy of her rival. Seton's advances to Judith open her eyes to his worthlessness and gradually her resentment against her husband softens. Finally the discovery of her father's diary proving that Laurence acted against his will reconciles husband and wife once more. The situation on Seton's sudden return is undeniably strong and original, and Miss Kennedy handles it very deftly. The gradual change of Judith's feeling towards Laurence, as the bitterness melts into love, is shown with real insight and delicacy. With the strong abiding love of Judith and the crafty passion-fraught love of Anne is contrasted the weakness of the much tempted Lissa Sutley, daughter of the keeper of a gambling den. The effect is that of three contrasted panels, a triptych of love. The principal male characters are similarly contrasted; and if the result is somewhat too symmetrical, it must be admitted that Miss Kennedy has given us a wonderfully subtle and penetrating study of love in all its aspects.

THE SHADOW OF VICTORY. By Myrtle Reed. 6s. (Putnam.)

It is not a brilliant novel, but it will hold its own in the flood of autumn publications. The account of the little English group at Fort Dearbon and their pitiable attack by the Canadian Indians is given with a certain freshness, though the more dramatic scenes at the end are allowed to collapse into the exaggerated sentimentality so common in the average novel—the novel "done out of one's head," to use the expression of children. The character sketch of the Ensign is the best in the book, and the Ensign is persistently well drawn until the scene of his death, when the pathos verges dangerously on the maudlin. A man occupied with dying has an engrossing struggle on hand and does not suspend matters to take leave in the melodramatic fashion of George Ronald. In his lighter moments, however, the young soldier is the life of Miss Reed's novel.

ROUND ANVIL ROCK. By Nancy Huston Banks. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Perhaps the two most memorable figures in "Round Anvil Rock" are the inscrutable Philip Alston with his evil reputation, and his magnetic attractiveness for those who love or hate him, and his girlish, adorable ward Ruth. His pathetic affection for her and her unshakeable faith in him are finely brought out. Next to these, one remembers the kindly old Judge Knox, and the priggish, self-satisfied William Pressley to whom Ruth is engaged, to the great contentment of her guardian. Ruth's first suspicion of her feelings towards

Coriolanus.

Coriolanus: O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O! believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace.
—"Coriolanus," Act V., Scene 3.

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare Scenes and Characters," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

William and the dawn of love in her at the coming of the young doctor, Paul Colbert, are imagined and described with singular power and charm. An Indian rising and the workings of Roman Catholic and Methodist missionary enterprise amid the lurking perils and wild lawlessness of the early days of Kentucky, form a varied and effective setting to a very fascinating romance.

THE MS. IN A RED BOX. 6s. (Lane.)

Mysterious and ingenious rumours and advertisements had raised our expectations to such a height that "The MS. in a Red Box" must have been a very extraordinary book indeed if it had come up to them. It is not a very extraordinary book, but it is distinctly good, and if it had not been so overshadowed by its antenatal reputation it would have seemed even better. It is a brisk, capable romance of the accepted latter-day pattern, laid in the Lincolnshire fen country in the reign of Charles I.; it has the usual fearless but somewhat slow-witted hero, who plunges into a fresh peril every time he goes out of doors, is frequently wounded and once left for dead, but always comes through triumphantly; the usual faithful retainer; the usual lovely, much-persecuted heroine; the usual dashing villain, whose schemes to kidnap her invariably fail at the right moment; the usual crop of glaring coincidences, and the usual happy end. But some of the minor characters are excellently drawn, the details of the story are treated with undeniable freshness and originality, and the whole thing is written with a gusto and picturesqueness that make it capital reading.

A MAN'S FEAR. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"A Man's Fear" marks a distinct advance upon the "Beaufoy Romances," and Mr. Drummond is to be congratulated on having written a powerful and well-conceived story. The Vikings have been comparatively little written of, and in this stirring narrative of the loves of Furker and Malna of the White Face Mr. Drummond is breaking new ground. He has realised that primitive people have primitive emotions, and has got as near in imagination to these hardy warriors of the North as anyone could. "A Man's Fear" is well thought out and well executed.

THE ROSE OF JOY. By Mary Findlater. 6s. (Methuen.)

"In the actual—this painful kingdom of time and chance"—runs the Emersonian quotation on the title page, "are care, canker, and sorrow; with thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity—the rose of joy—round it all the muses sing." In the end, when her marriage has turned out a failure, and Susan, with her intense love of all that is beautiful and her high, weird artistic gift, has fallen back upon Art for consolation, she points out this gospel of Emerson to her friend, Carrie Pewitt; but Carrie is doubtful about it, and one is left more than a little uncertain even of Susan herself. The story is admirably written, and if one is more strongly taken with the first than with the latter part of it, perhaps it is inevitable that the brightness and hopefulness and happy possibilities of youth should be more attractive than the quiet of after years, when all illusions, or nearly all, have been left behind. It is a book that keeps close to the reality of things and grips the heart and the imagination as only truth can. A conscientious and really notable piece of work that should not be missed by any who know how to appreciate what is best in modern fiction.

From the Painting by Frank Dicksee, R.A.

Romeo and Juliet.

Juliet: Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Romeo: It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
. . . . . .
Romeo: Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
—"Romeo and Juliet," Act III., Scene 5.

(Reproduced from a Photogravure in the "International Shakspere," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co.)

EILEEN. By Lucas Cleeve. 6s. (John Long.)

Eileen is a wealthy and beautiful girl, young and newly married, who comes to London and, as might be expected, loses her head in society. That would not have mattered,

From the Drawing by Cattermole.

Macbeth and the Murderers.

First Murderer: We are men, my liege.
Macbeth: Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
—"Macbeth," Act III., Scene 1.

only, as luck and the novelist would have it, her husband happened to hear what he was not meant to hear, and what not unnaturally he took too seriously. In the end, of course, the complications were unravelled, and the unravelling of them makes a very pretty story of domestic sentiment. It is true that the judicious reader, should such a merciless person read this book, might regard the girl as rather a fool, and her husband as dull and heavy; but if they had not been each more than a little foolish, nothing would ever have happened, and we should have lost an excellent story. "Eileen" is prettily told, without unnecessary sentimentality, and is thoroughly healthy in tone. The one-armed sexton is superfluous and might have been left out, but otherwise the construction of the story is good.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. TOPHAM, COMEDIAN. By C. Ranger Gull. 3s. 6d. (Greening.)

The stage seems to have an inexhaustible attraction for novelists and novel readers; but Mr. Ranger Gull is peculiar among novelists of the stage, because he makes no attempt to catch the glamour of the theatre, nor does he dwell at all on its worst side. There is nothing unhealthy about "The Adventures of Mr. Topham." It is entirely free from the bitterness and unpleasantness which marred Mr. Ranger Gull's earlier and more satirical work. The story, which is really a series of episodes in the life of a struggling but cheerful comedian (this is not tautology), is written good-humouredly and without illusions. Mr. Ranger Gull knows the stage and writes for those who know at least a little of it. "The Adventures of Mr. Topham" does not pretend to any literary merit, but it is a book which all playgoers should read. But for a writer of Mr. Gull's experience, it seems childish, not to say in bad taste, to make his characters speak of "Syndham" and "Fulsome Parrott."

HIS MASTER PURPOSE. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (John Long.)

At first sight irrigation and engineering in Canada hardly suggest romance, but Mr. Bindloss has a gift for finding romance in odd corners of our Colonies, and weaving stirring stories out of unpromising material. In "His Master Purpose" we become fascinated in the struggle between the strong-willed Geoffrey Thurstan, handicapped by treacherous rivals, and the tremendous natural obstacles which he finally overcomes. Incidentally there is a love element, good enough of its kind, mingling with the main story; but the real question is whether Thurstan will be able to carry out his tremendous task, the details of which are sufficiently vague, within the specified time. Mr. Bindloss writes in forceful, strenuous style, and no writer of to-day is less conventional in his choice of subject. If any heaven-born legislator should ever give a preference to novels dealing with Colonial life, there ought to be a great future for Mr. Bindloss.

A FLAME OF FIRE. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Those were stirring times when the Spanish Armada was building, and not times when Englishmen were tempted to travel in Spain. Nevertheless Mr. Hocking's hero went even to Toledo, and what was more to the point, returned to England with a wife. How this and many other things came to pass is excellently told in "A Flame of Fire." It is a strong and virile bit of work, showing Mr. Hocking at his best. The stir and excitement of the time is admirably caught, and the incidents are as near to historical accuracy as even the most pedantic critic could wish. If the hero and his stalwart companions seem now and again to have enjoyed miraculous good luck, what of that? Surely the hero of a historical, or semi-historical novel, should be allowed at least as many lives as a cat? The tone of the book, as of all Mr. Hocking's, is sound and manly; and we can recommend "A Flame of Fire" to those who want healthy excitement.

PARTNERS THREE. By May Crommelin. 6s. (John Long.)

After some years of hard, poverty-stricken living, Irene Ronaldson unexpectedly inherits a fortune of twenty thousand a year from her grand-uncle. She is an orphan, and having seen the rough side of life she is desirous of spending her money in giving pleasure to certain of the poor and shabby-genteel among her old friends. How she carries out her plan and ends in winning happiness for herself as well as for others, makes a bright and entertaining story. It is all written with Miss Crommelin's unfailing briskness and vivacity, with a deal of love-making, plenty of misunderstandings, and the happy knack of weaving tears and laughter into a texture of pleasant romance that has won her already such a large circle of admirers.

SPENDTHRIFT SUMMER. By Margery Williams. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This novel rises well above the average level of the season's fiction. Its story is slight, but its characters, who live in a glamorous Bohemian atmosphere of art and literature, are drawn with knowledge and exceptional ability. Kelvyn, the novelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Whishaw, though a little sketchy, are definite enough for the minor parts they play; it is on the Hovendens that the author has lavished all her skill. Denis Hovenden is a taciturn, absorbed, unsuccessful literary man, and his brother "Teddy" is the handsome, all-conquering leader of a troupe of pierrots at a seaside resort. Sidney, Denis's wife, for all her dangerous flirting with Kelvyn, is deeply and staunchly in love with her husband, and resents the close affection that exists between him and his brother. These three characters are portrayed with no little subtlety, and the quiet tragedy that comes of their misunderstandings of each other is finely imagined, and written with considerable power.

TONFORD MANOR. By Sardius Hancock. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

In the early days of his reign, Henry VIII. comes on a visit to Sir Matthew Browne, of Tonford Manor, and the beauty of Margaret Browne, and the King's desire to give her a husband she does not want, result in a very pretty romance. The people of the story talk a great deal and say very little, but then that is precisely what people do in real life.

and who shall call Mr. Hancock inartistic because he holds the phonograph up to nature instead of the mirror? In these hurrying, busy, sleepless days, this is a pleasant and welcome book over which one may pass a restful evening very agreeably.

WONDERFU' WEANS. By MacKenzie MacBride. 1s. net. (Unwin.)

If two books superficially similar in kind are published shortly after one another, some people have a haphazard way of taking it for granted that the author of the second is more or less an imitator of the author of the first. This is obviously not the case with "Wonderfu' Weans" and "Wee Macgreegor," since we gather from a prefatory note that Mr. MacBride's stories had appeared serially before the inimitable "Wee Macgreegor" was heard of. The two books deal with child life in Glasgow, and that is all the similarity there is between them. They are written with equal truthfulness and charm, but each has its own quaint individual note, and the children so admirably portrayed in each are entirely different in character, experience and environment. Mr. MacBride's ten stories are written simply and effectively, with an unforced humour and pathos, and a narrative skill that cannot fail to win for his shrewd, small hero, "Oor Tam," a wide and well-deserved popularity.

THE SCARAMOUCHE CLUB. By Raymond Jacberns. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

The inflow of Christmas books already shows signs of commencing, and "The Scaramouche Club" is among the first of the children's stories with which the publishers' autumn lists are bound to be made large. It is a book for girls, but though there is a various collection of "scrapes" in it, we doubt whether it will be very popular. There is not sufficient vitality of manner in it to keep the attention of an age in which physical activity is predominant, and in dealing with the different escapades just a hint of the sermoniser leaks out at intervals. The author does not appear to be consistently sure on whose side to hold a brief—the children's or the grown-up persons', and the consequence is a certain tepidness of treatment. On the whole, perhaps, the outlook is more that of the gentle reformer than the impartial historian. And in writing for children, the chief essential is a plain statement of events. Facts are all they want. Punishment in itself is not a thing to be objected to. The punishment of a sinner adds in nine cases out of ten enormously to the excitement of a story. But they want it stated as they would state it themselves, without a suggestion behind. The least hint of moral emotions and interest is gone. In a moment the writer has become merely a bore.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE. By Emerson Hough. 6s. (Methuen.)

A story of the romantic school, told with a certain amount of zest and spirit. The author appears to have enjoyed the writing of it, and conveys a little of that enjoyment to his readers. The hero, John Laws, was hardly an easy character to make plausible, but he does on the whole fit in with the possibilities of the period. Mary Connynge also, though there is no deliberate attempt at analysis, is a living creature. The least satisfactory person in the book is the heroine, Katherine. In dealing with her the author, either from a want of courage or a want of interest, abandoned the more difficult business of trying to delineate an individuality, and once more fell back upon the accustomed heroine of eighteenth century dramas. The book is full of incident, and the development of the plot is fairly consistent and feasible.

CYNTHIA'S IDEAL. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Miss Sergeant never writes better than when she sets herself to trace the development of a girl's character, making everything else in the book subsidiary to this central theme. In "Cynthia's Ideal" she has given us, in easy flowing style, a subtle analysis of the changes in Cynthia's character and of the forces moulding it, as she passes from the thoughtless recklessness of the schoolgirl to maturer girlhood, and thence by slow stages to ripe womanhood. Before we leave Cynthia, we know that she has at last "found herself," through trial

From a Painting by J. L. Gerôme. **Julius Cæsar.**

The Death of Cæsar.

Cinna: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cassius: Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Brutus: People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
Casca: Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec.: And Cassius too.
Brutus: Where's Publius?
Cinna: Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Metellus: Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Brutus: Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cassius: And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Brutus: Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

"Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene I.

(Reproduced from "The Imperial Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.)

Troilus and Cressida.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw.

Pandarus and Cressida.

Cressida: Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pandarus: Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cressida: O you immortal gods! I will not go.

—"Troilus and Cressida," Act IV., Scene 2.

(Reproduced from the "Chiswick Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

and suffering, and found the man she loved. This is a charming story, told with all Miss Sergeant's usual fertility of resource. The subsidiary characters are carefully drawn, and the details are well filled in, making a harmonious and artistic whole.

THE KIDNAPPING OF PETER CRAY. By Robert Leighton. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

This is an excellent boy's story. Everything needful in the way of unceasing and blood-curdling adventure is included, and the style is graphic, terse, but not unwholesomely harrowing in its details. Peter Cray, the hero, is kidnapped off his father's ship by a villain who bore the latter a life-long grudge for having married the girl they had both fallen in love with. The kidnapper and his victim are flung upon a cannibal island, are within an ace of being murdered, and at the last moment are saved by a white man, like themselves lost upon the coast, but who has acquired a certain ascendancy over the natives by being the possessor of a gun—a weapon appalling to them in its mysteriousness. This white man is also an unmitigated scoundrel, and an old acquaintance of the kidnapper's, whom, when they were convicts together, he had once been told off to flog with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Adventure after adventure falls upon the three before rescue finally comes and they return to England—the two hardened sinners considerably improved in morals through the influence of the boy's society.

THE VAGABOND. By Frederick Palmer. 6s. (Harpers.)

The book begins well, but degenerates into a familiar story of the war between the North and South in America. The Vagabond as a child is a quaint and individual creature. As a man he becomes the usual hero of romantic literature—the flawless, assured, longsuffering and triumphant person, for whom final victory and the hand of the girl he loves are a foregone conclusion. The writing is easy, but the matter hangs fire for want of originality. It has been previously used too often—and used better. To get hold of a really new subject is, we know, almost an impossibility. But in choosing out of the more especially well-worn themes of fiction, an author should all the more carefully avoid falling into the old grooves of development. In novels built up round the internecine struggles of America it would be a relief to find a Northern hero who did not, after the customary initial antagonism, win the fiery Southern lady, having first made her Southern lover feel more or less small and contemptible.

A TRAGIC CONTRACT. Mount Houmas. 6s. (Greening and Co.)

A good deal is claimed for this novel. On the paper wrapping it is praised in unstinted language. It is urged upon the public as the picture of "a noble and chivalrous man," and the murderer round whom the chief part of the story is built up, is referred to as a "Modern Quixote." Candidly, the account of the man who kills his brother-in-law for having neglected, and to a certain extent ill-treated his sister, does not seem to us to justify the high opinion conveyed. Jessie Gwent did not marry happily, but if the result of a similar misfortune was invariably a vendetta on the part of the girl's family, we should have to return to the old method of hanging criminals in batches. The crime in the book before us is the work of a man with inherent criminal instincts, and is done in cold blood, after a lapse of time from the provocation. The attempt consequently to present the man directly afterwards as the martyr of heroic chivalry is a purely fantastic invention. The book, in addition, lacks cohesion, and is like two, or for that matter three, different tales strung together.

Timon of Athens.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw.

Timon: What! dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

Throws the dishes at them.

What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity!

—"Timon of Athens," Act III., Scene 6.

(Reproduced from the "Chiswick Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

CORDELIA'S PORTION.

From the Painting by Ford Madox Brown.

THE BOOKMAN.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE OF MIDHAT PASHA. By Ali Haydar Midhat. 12s. net. (Murray.)

It will probably come as a shock to most people to learn that the Turkish Empire was some twenty years ago in possession of a fully developed constitution on the European model, and that it is only by reason of the machinations of Abdul of unhallowed reputation that a Turkish parliament does not assemble at Constantinople at the present day. The credit of having brought this about rests with the subject of this biography, Midhat Pasha, perhaps the only really liberal-minded and far-seeing Grand Vizier who has ever controlled the destinies of the Sublime Porte. It was he who procured the promulgation of the constitution, a striking feature of which was the equality before the law of both the Mussulman and the Christian subjects of the Sultan. Unfortunately, he was not only in advance of the times, but also in a sense too successful. His rapidly growing popularity alarmed Abdul, who had the example of Mehemet Ali and the Khediviate of Egypt constantly before his eyes. The well-laid plans of Midhat were defeated by a despotic exercise of the Sultan's prerogative, and their author was for many years harassed and persecuted, till eventually he met with an ignominious death at the hands of hired assassins. The volume under review contains a well-written and interesting account of Midhat's career, by his son now an exile in this country. Many of the documents it contains are of great historical value, and throw light on many obscure episodes in contemporary Turkish politics. The appearance of this biography is most opportune at this juncture, for the author has much to say on the subject of the Macedonian troubles. He endeavours to show that the blame rests not on the Ottoman Government, but on Russian agitators, who, in pursuance of the Panslavist policy, are stirring up the Bulgarians into a revolt which has no justification in fact. It is always well to hear both sides, and even if one cannot concur with the author's presentment of the benevolent Turk, there is no doubt something to be said on behalf of the sorely tried Mussulman.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE. By John Corbin. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

What we have here is "the case of the Ely Palace Portrait as against that of the so-called Droeshout original," both at Stratford-on-Avon. If both portraits represent Shakespeare, and if the inscriptions they bear are not "faked," we have the dramatist here at the age of thirty-seven and forty-four. That the Droeshout portrait represents Shakespeare there seems to be no doubt whatever, but unsettled as yet is the question whether the engraver of the print in the first folio copied that painting, or the painter the engraving. As for the Ely Palace Portrait, we have to decide whether it represents Shakespeare or not. Mr. Corbin considers it does: the strongest point he has made is in the chapter entitled "Comparisons," and if he had produced his evidence, the position might seem unassailable. What we want to compare with these paintings is a reproduction in facsimile of the rare print to which he refers—p. 80—"a copy of Droeshout's engraving *in its original proof state*." Mr. Corbin's examination of this impression leaves him convinced, first: that the so-called Droeshout Portrait was not copied from this, but from the print we have in the folio—and a late impression of that. On the other hand, the resemblance between this "proof" and the Ely Palace Portrait makes it seem almost certain that the engraver copied that painting—(as well as so young a man could, I should say, for if the date of Michael Droeshout's baptism is correctly given, he was little more than twenty years old when he engraved the portrait). It is, as we said, a pity that the most important piece of evidence has not been given the place it claims in this book.

From the Picture in the Collection of Mrs. Fuller Maitland, painted in 1851 by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

Ophelia.

Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
—"Hamlet," Act IV., Scene 7.

THE PRECES PRIVATÆ OF LANCELOT ANDREWES, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. E. Brightman, M.A., Canon of Lincoln. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

For more than two hundred years Bishop Andrewes' "Preces Privatae" has been a favourite book of devotion. It has been issued in various editions and in more than one translation. The present issue, due to the care and skill of Canon Brightman and Messrs. Methuen, is as nearly perfect as need be. The Introduction presents a survey

and criticism of previous editions, and the Notes are packed with interesting matter culled from a wide field of patristic and liturgical literature. Canon Brightman calls attention to the skilful use of sources which characterises the prayers. Indeed the entire Scriptures are turned here to a devotional purpose. Certainly no one who uses the book will be likely to complain of any lack of completeness in the material accumulated under each heading. What some may complain of is that the abundance of detail is in excess of the inspiration. But those who have used the book for many years will admit no exceptions to its excellence, and will delight to see it reissued in so beautiful a form, and with notes so learned and illuminative. Rarely has any book been more judiciously and thoroughly edited.

CRITICAL QUESTIONS. Being a Course of Sermons delivered in St. Mark's Church, Marylebone Road, N.W., by Drs. Kirkpatrick, Swete, Knowling, Robertson, Sanday, and Mr. Headlam. 5s. (S. C. Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.)

The names of the authors whose lectures compose this volume are sufficient guarantee for scholarship and candour. The subjects dealt with are of present interest. Dr. Kirkpatrick tells us "How to read the Old Testament." Dr. Swete defends "The Trustworthiness of the Gospel Narrative," while Dr. Knowling performs a similar service for the book of Acts. Dr. Robertson and Dr. Sanday handle respectively the much contested subjects, the Resurrection of our Lord and the Virgin Birth; while Mr. Headlam presents a survey of the "Witness of St. Paul." We have thus a competent manual of Apologetics written by scholars who have taught us to trust them. Each writer is an expert in the subject entrusted to him. Consequently, we have in this volume not a mere compilation for popular purposes, but a fresh and thorough treatment of topics that lie very close to the foundation of Christian faith.

LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER. 5s. (Unwin.)

The chief if not the sole interest in these letters lies in the fact that they were written by Margaret Fuller; their literary qualities are not exceptional; but they do simply and frankly lay bare "the soft and tender emotions of a true woman's heart," and throw an almost pathetic sidelight on the not wholly lovable character of a remarkable and ill-fated woman. But one shrinks, with a sense of sacrilegious intrusion, from the honest self-revelation of some of the letters, and, seeing how he was responsible for the ending of this love romance, would have thought better of the man to whom they were written if he had destroyed them. As they have been preserved, however, and really afford glimpses of the lesser-known side of a complex and baffling personality, perhaps their publication is justified. The book has an excellent portrait of Margaret Fuller for frontispiece and in an appendix reprints reminiscences of her by Emerson and others of her friends.

ULRICH ZWINGLI. By Samuel Simpson. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The part which Zwingli played in the Reformation, in which, as far as the Swiss cantons were concerned, he did for the German cantons what Calvin did for the French, make it surprising that no biography of the Swiss reformer should have been written in English before. Mr. Simpson does not aim at any startling revision of Swiss history; he has no turn for distorting historic fact into sensational paradox. On the contrary he has been content to study with loving care and almost German thoroughness all the best German work on Zwingli, and in this modest and unpretentious way he has produced a biography which should find a ready place in the library of all who are interested in the religious history of Europe.

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By Frances E. Herring. 6s. net. (Unwin.)

This volume purports to depict the different races, red, white, yellow, and brown, which inhabit British Columbia. In form it is a medley of fact and fiction, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the authoress comes somewhat to grief in her occasional digressions into the domains of romance. Nevertheless, her description of the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and white men who people the most westerly of our colonies, furnishes extremely interesting reading, and particularly noteworthy is a detailed account given of a Passion play performed by Christian Indians, under the auspices of the Oblate Fathers.

A PHILOSOPHER IN PORTUGAL. By Eugène Street. 5s. (Unwin.)

The author of this little book appears to be thoroughly well up in his subject. He is a shrewd observer of the ways of mankind, and portrays the habits and customs of the Portuguese with considerable insight and no small humour. He is never dull, even when he descends to such trivialities as the patching of a fisherman's garments; and the jokes which he cracks, often at his own expense, are, generally speaking, more worthy of consideration than the majority of those which are to be met with in books of travel of this nature.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ADOWA. By G. F. H. Berkely. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The terrible tragedy of Adowa, which so dramatically roused Italy from her dreams of colonial empire, is now almost forgotten by the man in the street, though it stands out in the history of the world as the only instance in which a large European army has been routed and decimated by a negro enemy. The importance of the campaign of Adowa lies chiefly in its influence on the future of the Dark Continent; in the fact that it marked the rise of a new military power, whose advent has seriously complicated the scramble among the Powers of Europe for the partition of Africa. But it also possesses a peculiar interest from the purely military point of view. It is one of the rare instances in modern warfare of combatants opposing each other in two huge solid masses. We therefore get no scattered lines of communications; no large strategic plan involving operations over a vast expanse of territory. The cards are throughout on the table, and every single movement is followed by its inevitable result as laid-down in the text-books. The narrative of the great battle itself is painful reading. It is a tale of massacre and of mutilation, the horrors of which were only relieved by the heroism of the unfortunate Italian conscripts, some of whom had only just landed from their transports. This is a book which deserves the careful attention both of soldiers and students of African politics.

FLODDEN FIELD. By Alfred Austin. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

As a drama "Flodden Field" is, on the whole, somewhat wanting in action and dramatic intensity, but read as a dramatic poem it has considerable interest and power. It is not, perhaps, great poetry, but it is more like it than much that in these days passes for greater; it blossoms here and there into those airy, delicate fancies that have always been the peculiar charm of the Laureate's best work, and it contains one or two lyrics and occasional passages of exceptional beauty.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY UPON NATIONAL CHARACTER. Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints: Being the Bampton Lectures for 1903. By William Holden Hutton, D.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

The Bampton Lectureship has not invariably produced prize fruit; but it has on the whole begotten in the public mind an expectation of the ripe results of prolonged and careful study; if not a final, yet a competent and even classical exposition of the theme selected. It is with something like dismay that in the Preface of the present Series of Lectures the reader meets with this confession: "The greater part of a Long Vacation, with a few weeks at Christmas and in March, and a few hours snatched during Oxford terms and spent in the Bodleian Library, have, owing to the engrossing claims of tutorial work, been all the time which it has been possible to devote to the work of preparation, composition, and revision. And these have been seriously affected by what an earlier Bampton Lecturer has also had cause to describe as 'the common enemy, the influenza.'" Comment is needless. But this unwarrantable haste is all the more to be regretted because if any one could have treated this subject worthily, it is Dr. Hutton. His bibliographies and his appended notes are full of information. But the Lectures themselves resemble a few pages torn from a Dic-

From a Drawing by Frank Dicksee, R.A.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Othello and Desdemona.

Othello: Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither.
—"Othello, the Moor of Venice," Act V., Scene 2.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., from a Rembrandt Photogravure to appear in "The Royal Shakspere.")

tionary of Biography. The materials of a book are here. The English Saints are named, classified, and briefly described; and hints are thrown out touching their influence on national character, hints which prove that thought has been spent on the subject, but which are not so grouped as to be impressive nor so thoroughly sifted as to be accepted as a final statement. The merit of the Lectures is, that they introduce a fresh theme and present abundant material and suggestion for further inquiry.

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The volume now before us comes opportunely as a justification of what has grown to be called the "garden book"; under which title has unjustly, but excusably, been included of late years much of artificiality, irrelevance, and vapouring. Miss Dowie's book is a pleasant relief; it is amusing, practical, suggestive, and readable either as fiction or instruction. Of course we must have the "Countess," the "Admiral," and so forth; and must understand that it was owing to "having got carelessly into a third-class carriage" that the narrator heard the refreshing story of Lord Rosebery's fame from the "rugged person" who grew plums in Gloucestershire. But it is a genuine pleasure nowadays to read of anyone back "on the land," and therefore the more "popularly" the account is presented the better. Some of the most genuinely funny chapters are those telling of Betty and her bees and poultry. Betty is the youngest sister of the supposed writer, and she had views occasionally. Betty considered that the egg problem—the fresh egg problem—should be taken in hand by influential persons. "It's a pure case of bungle," said Betty. "*If* Emperors and Kings and people—but they never get round to practical reforms, and I don't suppose they've ever heard there *are* bad eggs!" "*Our* King must," said Esmeralda sagely, "because he has heard Dan Leno's Egg Song!" This is not the book to be neglected by the man, or woman, who has a "stake in the country."

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

OCTOBER, 1903.

From the Painting by J. Hoppner, for the Boydell Collection.

Cymbeline.

Pisanio and Imogen.

Imogen: Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience; look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pisanio: Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imogen: Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
—"Cymbeline," Act III., Scene 4.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Modern dramatic criticism is mainly ephemeral, and it is rare to find any critiques which deserve to be recovered from the oblivion of a week-old paper. But Mr. Arthur Symons is a man of exceptional taste and attainments, and the nervous vigour of his style and the vividness of his impressions make his **Plays, Acting and Music** (5s. net) worthy of the graceful *format* which Messrs. Duckworth have given it. Our only complaint about these interesting and original criticisms is that Mr. Symons has attempted to isolate the æsthetic side of the drama, forgetting that the drama, being of its essence concerned with man's conduct, must also have an ethical side. Mr. Symons' apparent insensibility to the ethical aspect of the drama tends to falsify what is otherwise valuable criticism.

From the same publishers comes **The Great Inquiry** (1s. net), which claims to be "faithfully reported by H. B." Readers of this skit, one of the most entertaining of the political squibs which form oases in the arid desert of fiscal controversy, will probably recognise in the mysterious H. B. the author of that delightful work, "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." Possibly, to some of the more ardent economists, the transition from those awe-inspiring beasts to the members of the present Cabinet will seem simple and obvious. The "sharps cuts drawn on the spot" by G. K. C. are excellent, and quite on a level with the letterpress.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Another most diverting political satire, coming from Mr. Heinemann, is **Lost in Blunderland** (2s. 6d.), by Caroline Lewis. The author castigates all parties alike with charming impartiality. To say that this parody is every bit as good as its predecessor, "Clara in Blunderland," is to say that the fun is kept up to the end and the satire carried through with unflagging humour and vivacity. Incidentally the following passage throws some light upon the identity of the White Knight:—"No," said the White Knight decidedly, "I never take that (his helmet in the shape of a donkey's head) off except when I go to the German Manœuvres. Then I dress myself up as Colonel of the Guilford Fire Brigade, and they take me for Baden-Powell." The illustrations are somewhat disappointing, but the preface is admirable and should on no account be missed.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Bungay of Bandiloo, by Curtis Yorke (3s. 6d.), is an amusing account of the brief incursion into "'igh society" of a prosperous costermonger with socialist tendencies. Lady Weston drops her opera glasses from the dress circle of the Jewel Theatre on to the head of an unfortunate man in the pit. Simpson Bungay, the coster in question, witnessing the incident from the gallery, blackmails Lady Weston, who believes herself to be a "manslaughteress." As the price of his silence, Bungay demands that Lady Weston shall admit him to society, in order that he may be able to denounce it, from the inside, to his socialist friends. It is arranged that Bungay shall be introduced to the select circle in West Kensington as a distant relative from Bandiloo, which is understood to be a primitive township in Australia, where manners are more primitive than anything else. The result is a sensation in the polite circles of Kensington, and the conversion of Bungay to a belief that life is easier and more satisfying in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The fun is well sustained, and the book is a really vivacious bit of farcical humour.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Mr. Robert Machray is not a man who believes in half measures; he means a mystery to be a mystery right up to the last chapter, and has evidently written **The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn** (6s.) on this admirable principle. It is a most ingenious story, but it would be a shame to give Mr. Machray away by unfolding the details of his intricate plot. Suffice it to say that this is a tale of an unscrupulous lawyer who lived a double life and kept a secret drawer in his room, all of which led to the undoing of his guileless partner. We really thought that most scientific scoundrel, Mr. Cooper Silwood, who seemed none the worse for having died in Italy, would finally escape; but though the villain escaped from the long arm of Scotland Yard, he was not proof against American railways, and only survived the accident long enough to restore the stolen property.

In Lakeland Dells and Fells, by W. T. Palmer (6s.), gives much varied information about the Lake Country. Mr. Palmer knows and loves his subject, and his book should be invaluable to anyone making a prolonged stay in Lakeland. Among other matters, he gives us a most interesting account of record walks, or, rather, climbs, among the Fells, from which we learn that the Brighton road has no monopoly of feats of frenzied pedestrianism.

Essays and Historiettes (6s.) show the wide reading and versatility of the late Sir Walter Besant. For the most part, the essays here collected are the work of Besant's youth, and deal with French literature, which he had read widely and deeply when professor at the Royal College of Mauritius. Bright and scholarly as these earlier essays are, there is nothing in this book so characteristic in every way of Besant's ideal as the well-known essay on "Literature as a Career," here, we believe, reprinted for the first time.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

Messrs. Blackwood send us **Barbara Winslow: Rebel** (6s.), by Beth Ellis, a bright and spirited story of the days which followed Monmouth's rebellion. Barbara Winslow was a most fascinating young woman, and we are not surprised that she proved too much for the rebel-hunting Captain Protheroe. There was nothing for it for the susceptible soldier but to turn rebel himself, which he did very gracefully. Finally, after some perilous adventures, the two lovers, for that is what they soon became, obtained letters which compromised the terrible Lord Jeffreys. The result of all this, after an excellent scene between Protheroe and Jeffreys, was a batch of pardons and a happy ending. Miss Ellis writes in cheery fashion, and much of her dialogue is clear-cut and vivacious. Above all, she has succeeded in drawing a really delightful heroine.

MR. JOHN LANE.

The serious student of gardening, not the ill-starred potterer in suburban backyards, will find much of interest in **The Book of Herbs** (2s. 6d. net), by Lady Rosalind Northcote. It is one of Mr. Lane's "Handbooks of Practical Gardening," and should therefore need no further commendation to the earnest gardener. Even to one without the sacred pale it is plain that this is a handbook wonderfully thorough both on the practical and the historical side of the subject. What is most pleasing is the reverence shown for old-fashioned, half-forgotten flowers, now only to be found in a few old country gardens.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

No One to Blame, by Airam (6s.), is a story of domesticity, whose monotony is only varied by a complicated matrimonial tragedy of errors. A newly-married husband and wife are rescued from a sinking steamer by different boats, and each being convinced of the other's death, they both marry again. Hence come complications, for which certainly there is "no one to blame." "Airam" gives us a very faithful record of the commonplace—but nothing more, except the aforesaid matrimonial complications.

THE DE LA MORE PRESS.

Stevenson's Shrine (5s. net) is a pleasant record of a visit paid by Miss Laura Stubbs to the novelist's world-famous home at Vailima. Miss Stubbs went in an almost devotional spirit; indeed,

she calls her book "the record of a pilgrimage," and she has the satisfaction of having added a really interesting book to the library of books about Stevenson. The illustrations, from photographs, are excellent, and give a better idea of Stevenson's home than any others we have seen. The print and paper maintain the high standard of the De La More Press.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

The Tempter's Power (3s. 6d.), by Silas Hocking, introduces us to one of the most villainous guardians in fiction. It is one of the features of Mr. Hocking's style that his bad people are very, very bad. There is no possibility of mistaking a goat for a sheep, and the reader has always the comfortable assurance that the goats will meet with poetic justice in the last chapter. Jacob Craft (mark the tell-tale name) is left guardian of Adela Farnham, with the proviso that in the event of her dying or disgracing the family by being imprisoned before she becomes of age, her wealth is to pass to Jacob himself. Of course, to a man with a name like Jacob Craft, the only problem is to find a tool to carry out his nefarious designs. Such a man is soon found in the person of the versatile Monsieur Dupris. But Jacob Craft had not reckoned with the stalwart Jack Henderson, and so, after the heroine had had several of the nearest of near shaves, villainy is punished, and Mr. Hocking's moral purpose is vindicated.

MESSRS. A. BROWN AND SONS.

Many people have heard vaguely of the "walking parson" in Yorkshire; fewer, perhaps, know him as the Vicar of Filey. In **Round the Home of a Yorkshire Parson** (3s. 6d. net) the "walking parson" (the Rev. A. N. Cooper) tells, in a racy, commonsense way, a number of good stories, mainly clerical, and all more or less connected with Yorkshire. Mr. Cooper writes in healthy, good-tempered fashion, and clergy and laymen alike will find something of interest in his book.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

Mrs. L. T. Meade is one of our most practised story-tellers, and her latest novel, **Resurgam** (6s.), shows that she can still write as well as ever. Denis Waring meets Joan Galbraith at a hotel at Montenvers, and is persuaded to climb the Grand Dru with her, without any guides. The two are caught in a fog after making the ascent, and compelled to spend the night on the mountain. This becomes known and people talk, as they might be expected to do, until Joan is dismissed by the elderly griffin whose "companion" she is. Waring, though in love with another woman, feels bound to marry Joan. He has a real liking for her, but partly through the machinations of a scheming widow the two become estranged. Finally they are brought together again, and Waring realises that after all Joan is the one woman in the world for him. Thus ends a sound and wholesome story.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

A Daughter of the Pit (6s.), by Margaret Jackson, is a simple straightforward tale of life in the colliery districts. Life at "Pinbury" is painted in gloomy colours, and the people are rough and rude, though for the most part kind-hearted. Miss Jackson knows the districts of which she writes, and would seem to have lived among the people. If there is a certain gloom over much of the story, it is the reflection of a drab and dismal region. Miss Jackson is a novice, and, in spite of a good deal in the book which is superfluous, she writes at her best with real power. The scenes in the pit and during the strike are well done.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

Archie Wynward (6s.), by Harry Tighe, is another novel which smacks of the beginner. It is a long, very long story, mainly about theatrical people. Mr. Tighe has yet to learn the value of compression. He brings in too many characters, and shifts his scene with somewhat baffling frequency. There is promise in the book, for Mr. Tighe has evidently both thought and felt. But we do not think he need have made Archie nearly fall in love with the illegitimate daughter of his own father. A novel is never "strong" merely because it is unpleasant or has unpleasant incidents.

It is not often that missionaries have either the leisure or the inclination to study the folklore of the people among whom they labour. **Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider and the other Beef** (5s.), by Florence Cronise and H. W. Ward, proves that there are exceptions. All students of folklore owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Cronise for the pains she has taken in the difficult task of recording these West African folk tales. But it must not be supposed that her book appeals only to students of folklore. There is much in this volume which recalls "Uncle Remus," with the difference that these tales are unaffected by contact with white men. There is clearly in West Africa an extensive oral literature, hitherto practically unknown to Western readers.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

That excellent series begun by "Wisdom While You Wait" has been continued by Walter Emanuel, who has persuaded John Hassall to illustrate **People, Being Some Nasty Remarks.** (1s. net). The author disclaims all responsibility for the illustrations, and the artist desires it to be understood that he is in no way answerable for the letter-press. Otherwise the harmony between the two is complete, and Mr. Emanuel's caustic humour is well set off by Mr. Hassall's drawings. Occasionally Mr. Emanuel is a little vicious, but the strain of being funny for so many pages makes this excusable. "People" is a most entertaining shillingsworth.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

We have previously known Mr. Carlton Dawe as a writer of stories of Japanese life. Now he seems to have deserted Japan and has given us in **The Prime Minister and Mrs. Grantham** (6s.) a novel of modern political life, not wholly pleasant or convincing. The Prime Minister's son is unseated in the safest of family constituencies by an unknown man, who turns out in the end to be the illegitimate brother of the man he unseats. The book is rather disjointed, and the underplot has practically nothing to do with the main current of the story. Very few subjects present more difficulties to the novelists than politics, and we should advise Mr. Dawe to return to Japan for his inspiration.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

The long arm of coincidence is conspicuous in **A Veldt Vendetta** (6s.), by Bertram Mitford. Kenrick Holt is caught in a fog in the Channel when out in a tiny rowing boat, and while drifting along he is run down by the steamer *Kittiwake*, and finds himself on his way to East London. On his arrival in South Africa he saves a young girl from being eaten up by sharks, and then finds that the fair bather is sister of an old school friend. Of course, he settles down in the country, and we leave him engaged to his friend's sister. Mr. Mitford's matter is better than his plot, and his picture of life in the more remote part of the veldt and of the constant friction with the Kaffirs is bright and interesting.

Sent to the Rescue (6s.), by E. H. Cooper, continues the adventures of that precocious child, Wyemarke Darcy. She goes to

King Lear.

Photographed from a Painting by Arthur Rackham.

A pen-and-ink drawing of the same subject appears in Messrs. Dent's Temple Edition of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare."

King Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

—"King Lear," Act III., Scene 2.

South America in a yacht armed with Hotchkiss three-pounders and machine guns, and after the yacht has smashed up a Brazilian gunboat turned slaveship, the whole party go through more startling adventures on the upper Amazon. Few children, even in fiction, could equal Wyemarke's record; but the result is not convincing.

It is certainly refreshing, after reading a series of novels of psychological analysis or monotonous domesticity, to meet with such a stalwart hero as Captain Anstruther in **Rainbow Island** (6s.), by Louis Tracy. Mr. Tracy believes in a hero behaving in heroic fashion. Captain Anstruther was left on a desert island in the China seas with a girl of astounding beauty and presence of mind. Though not enjoying all the advantages of the Swiss Family Robinson, the gallant captain was fortunate in finding an axe, a box of biscuits, and a large supply of repeating rifles. At first sight repeating rifles would appear on a desert island of less value than biscuits, but as the event proved, no better selection of wreckage could have been made. The island swarmed with Dyak pirates, some forty of whom the hero shot before he was saved by the inevitable English man of war. The hero was an infallible shot, which puzzled us till we discovered that he had been cashiered (unjustly, of course), and no doubt learned his shooting after he left the army. Finally he became engaged to the heroine, and having found a rich vein of gold, left the island to settle down as a married millionaire. In short, this is about as stirring and wildly improbable a book as anyone could want.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.

A Prefect's Uncle (3s. 6d.), by P. G. Wodehouse, is one of the best school stories it has been our good fortune to read for a long time. Racy, humorous, and slangy, it gives a faithful and light-hearted picture of school life, which must appeal to schoolboys and "old boys" of all ages. Mr. Wodehouse looks at school life from the outside, or at least from the lighter side; he makes no attempt to deal with the serious questions which are raised in the immortal "Tom Brown," and he is perfectly right. To be serious is not Mr. Wodehouse's *metier*. What he does attempt, with wonderful success, is to reflect the *badinage*, the easy give and take of schoolboy talk. His characters are real live boys, not stuffed dummies or drawing-room prigs, with the boy's unceasing readiness for anything from mischief to muffins. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that Mr. Wodehouse describes a cricket match with a vividness of which his early work (in his school magazine) gave no hint.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

China has been described from many points of view; the traveller and the globe-trotter have said their say, the soldier has given us the military aspects of the celestial empire, and innumerable books have told the world how the Chinese appear to the missionary. Mr. Ready has described China from quite a fresh standpoint. In **Life and Sport in China** (10s. 6d. net) he paints China as it appears to the "lay residents," as it were, the English traders. In bright and lively fashion he records his impressions after twelve years' residence. By no means unsympathetic, Mr. Ready is an acute and impartial critic, and his impressions are all the more instructive because he has neither the prejudices nor the enthusiasm inseparable from the missionary's calling. The space which he devotes to more trivial matters, the amusements of the resident Englishmen, does not detract in any way from the instructiveness of his more serious chapters.

Cleopatra.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."
—"Antony and Cleopatra."

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare's Heroines," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

Desdemona.

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
—"Othello, The Moor of Venice."

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare's Heroines," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

If anything were wanted to convince the sceptic of the seriousness with which women are devoting themselves to the less laborious branches of gardening and fruit culture, it would be difficult to find anything more convincing than **The Lighter Branches of Agriculture**, by Edith Bradley and Bertha La Mothe, the sixth volume of the Woman's Library. It deals in practical, matter of fact fashion with such subjects as market gardening, fruit growing, dairying, poultry and bee keeping. The difficulties of the work are not disguised; the would-be gardener is not tempted by any rosy but delusive picture; on the contrary, here is a plain, blunt, business-like textbook, omitting no important point, and written with admirable lucidity.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

On the Wings of the Wind (6s.), by Allen Raine, is a book which ought to gladden the heart of any Welshman. It is not merely that the scene of the story is laid in Wales, or that it is full of Welsh names and Welsh words, but it is that the atmosphere is so entirely Welsh. The Saxon will find here a moving and pathetic story, told with due restraint, but to the Welshman the book breathes the very breath of the Welsh mountains. Mrs. Raine is to be congratulated on the spirit and atmosphere which she has imparted to her novel.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

Penelope Brandling (1s. 6d.) adds another volume to the well-known Pseudonym Library, which is not unworthy of its predecessors. Vernon Lee writes in a finished, careful style, and has grappled very successfully with the problem of writing what is too long to be a short story, and yet is far too short to be a full-fledged novel. Penelope marries Sir Eustace Brandling and accompanies him to his lonely Welsh Castle, only to find herself and her husband prisoners in their own home. In fact, they are at the mercy of the rest of Sir Eustace's family, who are wreckers of the most desperate type. The time, it should be explained, is the end of the eighteenth century. The story is well told, and the end is most exciting. There is enough good writing in it to float a much larger book.

Anna Swanwick, a memoir, compiled by Mary L. Bruce (6s. net), is a biography of one of those people whose chief interest lies in

Pericles.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw.

Gower: So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
—"Pericles," Act V., Scene 3.

(Reproduced from the "Chiswick Shakespeare," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

the circle of their friends. Miss Swanwick produced some translations of more than ordinary merit; her "Aeschylus" is thorough, scholarly, and tasteful, and occasionally almost poetry; her "Faust" remains one of the best attempts to translate the untranslatable. But these achievements in themselves would not justify a biography, and the interest of this memoir is due to the number of distinguished friends whom her literary attainments won for her. Miss Swanwick knew Gladstone, and had heard Tennyson read "Maud," and Browning talk about his wife; and throughout a long life there were few people of literary importance whom she was not privileged to meet. This is an interesting account of a cultured but somewhat uneventful life.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

From the Cambridge Press comes an elaborate and careful translation of Turner's "De Historia Avium," a rare book now hardly known except to collectors, which was not so much an original contribution to natural history as an attempt to identify the birds noticed by Pliny and Aristotle. Mr. A. H. Evans, who has called his translation **Turner on Birds** (6s. net), has added a useful introduction and brief but pointed notes. In short, this is a scholarly version of a rare and curious work.

MESSRS. HARPER BROS.

The negro problem is not exactly a subject which commends itself to novelists or novel readers, but we admit that if it must be handled at all, Mr. C. T. Brady, in **A Doctor of Philosophy** (3s. 6d.), has chosen the most artistic and effective method of dealing with it. In the story of Alicia Chalden, the love-child of an octoroon, Mr. Brady illustrates in tragic fashion the overwhelming social forces which drive the negro, and not merely the negro, but anyone with the least taint of negro blood, back to his people. "Can the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin?" That is a question which Mr. Brady sees the American Republic has to face, and in this short but powerful story he emphasises one of its most tragic sides.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.

Scottish Chapbook Literature (3s. 6d. net), by William Harvey, is a contribution to an important but neglected chapter in the history of Scottish literature. The chapbook, which was a broadsheet or pamphlet sold by the wandering pedlars and cheap Jacks, was the direct forerunner of the cheap popular literature of to-day. It was cheap (chapbook means, etymologically, cheap book), and it was the one kind of literature which in the eighteenth century reached the poorer classes. Like the English broadsheet and pamphlet literature, it was often coarse, but at the same time genuinely humorous. But there were also religious and moral chapbooks, as Mr. Harvey is at pains to point out, and the subject is one well deserving the care that has been bestowed upon it in this volume.

In **The Waggon and the Star** (2s. 6d. net) Mr. Walter Mursell has taken as his motto Emerson's "Hitch your waggon to a star," and under a fanciful title he has published a series of sound and helpful addresses, mainly intended for young people, dealing with some of the ever-recurring problems of life. Much that Mr. Mursell says is not original, but it is none the worse for that; for the manner is always original, even where the matter is not. After all, in questions of morality there is not much scope for originality; it is of more importance to express an old truth with vigour and freshness. There are many to whom a volume like this should prove a great help.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND CO.

The political controversy of the day has suggested the happy thought of issuing a new edition of **The Web of an Old Weaver** (5s.), by J. K. Snowden. The pathos and fascination of this "food tax tragedy" derive new force and new interest from the burning question, to which it is no unimportant contribution.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND CO.

Miss Maud Beddington has taken Time by the forelock in publishing her **Children of the Village** (5s. net, Dent). The folio volume is full of large coloured pictures of country children in their good and bad moods, their best suits—and otherwise, their work and play. "I. F." has added "prose sketches" to each scene, and a capital panorama of a village child's every-day adventures and its premature adoption of responsibility and its parents' wardrobe is the result. The surroundings, which make all this more tolerable than the town-child's too-early cares, are cleverly portrayed. This is a book to suit all those who wish to send a bit of England across the sea, and catch an early mail for Christmas.

The New Books of the Month.

AUGUST 15TH TO SEPTEMBER 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Andrewes, The Preces Privatae of Lancelot, Bishop of Winchester. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by F. E. Brightman, M.A. 6s. ..... (Methuen)

Expository Times, The. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. Vol. XIV. 7s. 6d. ..... (T. and T. Clark)

GODFREY, W. S.—Theism found Wanting, 4d. net (Watts and Co.)

The Sonnets.

From a Drawing by Henry Ospovat.

For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.
—Sonnet V.

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare's Sonnets," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

HEADLAM, STEWART D.—The Place of the Bible in Secular Education, 6d. ..... (Brown, Langham)
Mr. Headlam, speaking as an experienced educationalist, primarily to teachers, has some interesting suggestions to offer. His occasional flippancy detracts from the force of his arguments.

HELLO, ERNEST.—Studies in Saintship. Trans. from the French. Introduction by Virginia M. Crawford. 3s. 6d. (Methuen)
An excellent translation of Ernest Hello's studies, or rather little lives of the saints. A worthy addition to Methuen's devotional library.

JUPP, W. J.—The Forgiveness of Sins and the Law of Reconciliation, 6d. net (Philip Green)

KANT, IMMANUEL. — Perpetual Peace. Trans. by M. Campbell Smith, M.A. Preface by Prof. Latta. 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
A timely translation of Kant's inspiring essay, with an exhaustive historical introduction by the translator.

LEVY BRUHL, L.—The Philosophy of Auguste Comte. Introduction by Frederic Harrison. 10s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)

PERRY, C. H.—Studies in the Psalms, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Stockwell)
A useful series of comments on the Psalms, written from the devotional rather than the critical standpoint.

RITCHIE, WALLACE.—The Essential Unit (Wallace Ritchie)
An attempt to give a philosophic definition in unphilosophic language of the essential conditions of happiness. The style is loose, and there are a good many "glimpses of the obvious."

Sermon on the Mount, The. A Practical Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. By Various Writers. 4s. 6d. net (Robinson, Manchester)

Sermon on the Mount, A Practical Exposition of St. Matthew. By Various Writers. 4s. 6d. net (Robinson, Manchester)
These two volumes are the joint work of a group of some of the best known Nonconformist divines. They give a sound and practical exposition, which should be most valuable to all Bible students, and particularly to young ministers.

To Those who Suffer, 1s. ..... (Macmillan)

Verba Christi. The Sayings of Jesus Christ. Temple Classic. 1s. 6d. net ... (Dent)
All the speeches of Christ recorded in the four Gospels are here printed without context or comment, Greek and English being given in parallel columns, and the title of each passage taken from the Vulgate. The idea is original and suggestive.

WESTCOTT, BISHOP. — Christian Social Union Addresses, 1s. ..... (Macmillan)
A useful reprint of some of Bishop Westcott's most characteristic and broadminded addresses.

WILSON, VEN. JAMES M., D.D.—Problems of Religion and Science, 6d. (Macmillan)

FICTION.

AIRAM.—No One to Blame, 6s. (H. J. Drane)

ALLERTON, MARK. Frivolous Glasgow, 1s. net ..... (Wilson, Glasgow)
A flippant but amusing and not ill-natured satire on Glasgow life and manner.

BACHELLER, IRVING.—Darrel of the Blessed Isles, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

BANKS, NANCY HUSTON.—Round Anvil Rock, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

BARRETT, FRANK.—Lady Judas, 6s. (Chatto)
An exciting, not to say lurid, story of crime. It is never dull, and it would puzzle any man to get more sensation into 300 pages than Mr. Barrett has. The plot is ingenious, and the situations are thrilling.

BARRY, WILLIAM.—The Dayspring, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—His Master Purpose. 6s. ..... (John Long)

BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.—A Doctor of Philosophy, 3s. 6d. ..... (Harper)

BURROW, F. RUSSELL.—Alexander in the Ark, 5s. ..... (Pearson)

CAYLEY, HUGH.—A Matter of Morals, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
A somewhat morbid picture of life in modern India, written in a careless, slipshod style.

CLAY, BEATRICE, B.A.—The Adventures of Duke Huon of Bordeaux, 1s. 6d. ..... (Horace Marshall)
A well selected series of scenes from old French poetry, freely paraphrased.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Eileen, 6s. ..... (John Long)

COOPER, E. H.—Sent to the Rescue. Illus. by Dudley Hardy. 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

COOPER, REV. A. N.—Round the Home of a Yorkshire Parson, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Brown and Sons)

From the Statue by J. Q. A. Ward, erected in Central Park, New York, May 23rd, 1872.

William Shakespeare.

"The Poet is represented standing, as if lost in thought. He holds a book in his right hand, and has his finger between the leaves to keep the place where he has been reading. The left hand rests on the hip, and the head is inclined slightly forward. The costume consists of doublet and hose, with puffed out breeches, and a cloak hanging from the left shoulder, and is very graceful and well conceived."—J. Parker Norris's "Portraits of Shakespeare."

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